Collegians Reject War Racket *by Milton Meltzer*

# NEW MASSES

*FIFTEEN CENTS*

*January 9, 1940*

## Funeral of the New Deal

*Adam Lapin Reports from Washington*

## Chinese Red Army Data

*by Commander Hsiao Hsiang-Yung*

## 18th Century Dies Committee

*by Gale Thorne*

## No Pasaran: The Vets in 1940

*by Joseph North*

## Redfield's 1940 Horrorscope

CARTOONS BY GROPPER, GARDNER REA, RICHTER, OTHERS

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# The Press and Finland

"In thirty-one years of journalism I have never witnessed such a universal, concentrated, and intentional campaign of lying as that conducted by press and radio in the month of December 1939 against the Russian government, its army and its people. . . ."

## George Seldes

AUTHOR OF "LORDS OF THE PRESS"

*in next week's issue of* NEW MASSES *begins a series of two articles that expose the atrocity mill of the commercial press.*

". . . When you hear brokers in Wall Street say 'We'll be in by April,' and Washington correspondents predict the same event with another date, you'll look at recent happenings with sharper eyes."

*See*

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

*of*

NEW MASSES


THIS week will see the Chicago Spivak meeting at Orchestra Hall, sponsored by the Chicago League Against Undemocratic Practices. The night is January 5 and the audience will hear the inside story of Silver Charlie Coughlin by the man who dragged him into the light of full publicity. Tickets are 40 cents and $1.10.

A suggestion has come from a New York reader that NM organize bi-weekly luncheon meetings at which important topics of the day could be discussed and readers could get to know one another. It looks like a good idea to us, but it's up to our readers to say the word. A well known speaker or occasionally a symposium of speakers would provide the intellectual aperitif, and those present would do the rest. The luncheon price would have to cover the expense of course, but would be kept within bounds. What do our readers think about it? Please write and let us know. Also, which would you prefer: a Saturday luncheon meeting starting at one or a Sunday breakfast meeting at about noon? The sooner we get answers the sooner we can start the ball rolling.

We announce with pleasure the resumption of regular Washington correspondence by Adam Lapin in a near issue. Mr. Lapin, for years the *Daily Worker* reporter in the capital, is excellently equipped for handling the important news from Washington.

Eric Bernay has resigned as advertising manager of NM to devote full time to his Music Room, the complete record shop, at 133 West 44th St., N. Y. C. The staff wishes him every good fortune in his new venture.

## *Who's Who*

GALE THORNE is a research worker in the field of American history. . . . Adam Lapin is Washington correspondent of NM and the *Daily Worker*. . . . The first of Milton Meltzer's two articles on students and the war appeared in the December 26 issue of NM. . . . Oakley Johnson is a writer, teacher, and lecturer. . . . Meridel LeSueur, Minnesota writer, has contributed articles and fiction to NM before. . . . Edwin Berry Burgum is an editor of *Science and Society*. . . . Alfred J. Brenner is a young short story writer. . . . Steve Nelson was political commissar of the Fifteenth International Brigade.

## *This Week*


NEW MASSES, VOL. XXXIV, No. 3

***January 9, 1940***



We Will Be Heard *An Editorial* . . . . . 3
Gropper's Cartoon . . . . . 4
The Funeral of the New Deal *by Adam Lapin* . . . . 5
Eighteenth Century Dies Committee *by Gale Thorne* . 7
No Pasaran: 1940 *by Joseph North* . . . . . 9
Chinese Red Army Data *by Comdr. Hsiao Hsiang-Yung* 11
Students Reject War Racket *by Milton Meltzer* . . . 12
Letter of Application *by H. K.* . . . . . 13
Soviet Travelogue *by Oakley Johnson* . . . . . 16
I'm Going, I Said *A Short Story by Meridel LeSueur* . 17
Discharged Soldier *A Poem by Nicholas Guillen* . . . 18
He Died in China *Excerpt from the Diary of Dr. Norman Bethune* . . . . . 19
A Star Is Reborn *by Osro Mist* . . . . . 20
Editorial Comment . . . . . 21
Readers' Forum . . . . . 24

REVIEW AND COMMENT

The Novels of Jules Romains *by Edwin Berry Burgum* 25
Munitions Dynasty *by Barbara Giles* . . . . . 26
Armenian Stories *by Alfred J. Brenner* . . . . . 27
Fourth Year *by Samuel Sillen* . . . . . 27

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Changing the Reel *by James Dugan* . . . . . 28
Broadway *by Alvah Bessie* . . . . . 30
Priestley Comedy *by Barnaby Hotchkiss* . . . . . 31


Art work by Gardner Rea, W. Clinton, Mischa Richter, A. Redfield, Soriano.

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NEW MASSES

VOLUME XXXIV JANUARY 9, 1940 NUMBER 3

# We Will Be Heard

AN EDITORIAL

"I AM in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not retreat a single inch—*and I will be heard.*"

This was the New Year's pledge of William Lloyd Garrison to the readers of the *Liberator* in 1831.

This is our pledge to the readers of NEW MASSES at the opening of 1940.

The Abolitionists lived up to their promise. Garrison was driven from the lecture platform and dragged through the streets by the respectable merchants of Boston. Elijah T. Lovejoy's printing press was smashed by a pro-slavery mob in Alton, Illinois. But they *were* heard. Their journals were suppressed, their societies banned, their leaders hounded. They fought for the right of the American people to be heard, and in the end they were victorious. We are grateful to them. Our descendants will be equally grateful to those of us who refuse to be intimidated and coerced by legalistic threats, by inspired rowdies, by the brazen abuse of a prostituted press.

Since 1911, this magazine has been dedicated to the great cause of civil liberties in America. We have weathered many storms. In 1917 the *Masses* was suppressed because it opposed the war. The postmaster general was incensed by a cartoon entitled "Making the World Safe for Capitalism." History has proved the justice of our position. Postmaster General Burleson and Attorney General Palmer have been forgotten by the American people. NEW MASSES lives on. Farley and Murphy are playing the game of their predecessors. They will be no more successful. We will continue to be heard.

The enemies of truth are striving to silence the voices of truth. They can hold on to power only by involving America in war, so they attempt to destroy those who insist upon peace. They can flourish only by slashing social legislation, so they attempt to crush those who fight for the economic welfare of the American people. Their interests dictate that America should be gagged. Their power is built upon a great lie, and they can maintain their power only by wiping out those who expose the lie.

Here is the most recent and the most flagrant example:

This magazine has notified Attorney General Murphy of John L. Spivak's series of articles exposing the activities of Father Coughlin. We have again and again called for legal action. We have presented documentary evidence of our charges. *We even received formal notice from Mr. Murphy's office of the receipt of our charges.*

And yet, on Dec. 28, 1939, Mr. Murphy told his press conference that "No complaint of any kind has ever been placed in this department against Father Coughlin."

This brazen distortion of truth cannot survive as long as NEW MASSES survives. Mr. Murphy knows this. In becoming the open enemy of truth, he becomes, perforce, the open enemy of those who, despite every obstacle, will continue to tell the truth.

It is our historic responsibility—and our privilege—not merely to tell the plain facts but to fight for the right to tell them. We know that there are difficult days ahead for those who would defend the basic freedoms which are incorporated in the Bill of Rights. This is no time for cowards. This is no time for summer soldiers. Every human resource will be required to defend freedom of speech, of the press, of the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances. We are confident that the readers of NEW MASSES will join us in our solemn resolution to be heard. We shall not retreat a single inch in our determination to keep alive the voices that speak for human freedom and for the liberated future of mankind.

THE EDITORS.

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William Gropper

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# The Funeral of the New Deal

## The Roosevelt administration abandons the welfare of the American people. "Garner might as well be in the White House," says one senator.

*Washington.*

THE second session of the Seventy-sixth Congress marks the end of a political era. "Garner might as well be in the White House," a well known liberal senator commented bitterly when he was told that an important social reform bill which he was sponsoring had been shelved by the President. Perhaps the senator was exaggerating a little, but his point was well taken. The New Deal was the first major casualty in the imperialist war.

In recent years, the weeks before a congressional session would have been filled with frenzied preparations by administration circles to present new legislation. Plans would be made for public works, a wages-and-hours bill, WPA, housing, or whatever else was up at the time, and then permitted to leak out to the newspapers in the form of dope stories. No such plans have been made this year. No such stories have been in circulation. Not a single step forward has even been rumored.

Administration forces will not clash with the phalanx of Garner Democrats and Republicans over the passage of new measures intended to extend or even continue unchanged the social reforms of the past few years. Conflicts over major domestic issues will primarily concern the rate at which New Deal legislation shall be dismantled. Our leading statesmen in both parties will eagerly agree that the period of reform is over. They will haggle mainly over the funeral ceremonies.

### THE PEOPLE'S NEW DEAL

The soil in which the New Deal grew and briefly flourished is not exhausted. The great popular awakening of the people has not subsided. The masses of America will not soon relapse into that profound unconcern with which they viewed the Tweedledum and Tweedledee presidential campaigns of the twenties. Trade unions, CIO and AFL, have entered the political arena for keeps. Important social advances have been made: relief, public works, social security, the right to collective bargaining, which the people will not lightly abandon. These things are not dead.

In its new phase, the Roosevelt administration rounds out the cycle of its development. The President's first job when he took office was to lead a national crusade to save a dangerously ailing capitalist system. He offered the alternative of large-scale government intervention to preserve profits, as against the unreliable Hoover policies of relative laissez-faire. The newspapers liked Roosevelt then, as they are beginning to like him now. He was supported by the big boys. They favored Hugh Johnson's NRA at first. Here and there a few voices in the wilderness, notably the Communists', warned that the administration was heading toward fascism. But for a brief period there was something resembling national unity behind the President and behind a program, much of which was originally proposed by the U. S. Chamber of Commerce.

Gradually the bulk of the President's financial and business supporters abandoned him. They wanted to be left alone to make profits their own way. They didn't think government interference was necessary anymore. But the popular revulsion against Hooverism was much too widespread to be disregarded. Trade unions had taken advantage of NRA, and there was a strengthened labor movement which demanded extension of the initial efforts to enact social legislation. Anti-fascist sentiments spread throughout the world and made themselves felt in the United States. In France, the People's Front took its first steps.

Deserted by many of his business backers, the President had to turn to the labor and progressive organizations which wanted the administration to continue on the course of reform. During the 1936 election campaign, the New Deal reached its zenith as a democratic movement: practically all of the big money was behind Landon, practically all the forces of the people behind Roosevelt.

### PATTERN OF RETREAT

Even at the height of the New Deal, however, there was a pattern of retreat (perhaps easier to perceive now than at the time) whenever the fundamentals of the economic setup were involved. New Deal setbacks in the 1938 elections would probably never have occurred if the administration had helped the CIO win the "Little Steel" strike against Tom Girdler. But victory at that time, coming after the great sitdowns in auto, would have meant that the CIO had become little short of irresistible in the basic industries. The President didn't seem to want that particularly. So he issued his famous "plague on both your houses" statement. Another example: instead of continuing his spending policy, he yielded to business criticism in 1937, cut WPA drastically, and helped precipitate a severe recession.

Probably the chief trouble was the absence of close ties between the administration and the popular and labor movements which were its mainstay. This was reflected more and more, especially during the last session, in the President's unwillingness to rely on the people, unwillingness to take his case to them directly. Instead, he depended on his own political finesse, on hack politicians who knifed the New Deal every chance they got, and on advisers who lived in an ivory tower all their own, without knowledge of politics, organization, or mass movements. Of tremendous importance, too, was the lack of independent political organization of the progressive forces.

Although he was excoriated by the rich as no other President in many decades has been, Roosevelt never cut himself off irretrievably from his own class. There were always a few Morgan partners with easy access to the White House. Joe Kennedy and John Hanes were kept in strategic positions and served as contact men with Wall Street. Notorious Garner men were retained as congressional leaders. Tories usually lapped up most of the federal patronage.

### FOREIGN POLICY

In foreign policy, the administration never ventured beyond the speech-making phase of opposition to fascism. The career boys in the State Department had things under control at all times. This government never did anything which conflicted seriously with Neville Chamberlain's plans. Spain was the test. Help for Spain would have changed the entire course of world events. There was never any real question as to how the majority of the American people felt about Spain. But help for the Spanish republic would have meant a break with Chamberlain, with substantial American business interests, with the Catholic hierarchy. These influences dominated.

All of this is recent history, and painfully familiar history at that. It is worth recalling now if only to make clear that the administration's sharp turn to the right after the outbreak of the imperialist war was an outgrowth of fundamental weaknesses which had long been present.

Following the outbreak of the war, the administration threw in its lot with the Allies. All other considerations were subordinated to an Allied victory, as if the United States were itself a belligerent. There was not even a sharp struggle within the administration over continuing the democratic advances of the New Deal.

Public works, which for the most part have no military value, are being abandoned in favor of armaments. The Wagner act may throw impediments in the way of wartime control of labor, so administration masterminds are thinking up ways of emasculating it. The Communists, who would be annoying in time of war, are hounded with ingenuity and thoroughness.

Great Britain and France find it inexpedient as yet to pursue their anti-Soviet intrigues too publicly. But the United States govern-

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ment is using Finland to line up a world front of capitalist countries against the Soviet Union. With none of the indecision which it displayed during the Spanish civil war, the administration becomes the organizing center of an international drive against the Soviet Union.

WHO DESERTED?

Of course there have been articles in the *Nation* and *New Republic,* from contributors in Oregon, New York, and other places far removed from Washington, to the effect that the Communists have walked out on the popular front and the New Deal. But it isn't the Communists who are working out amendments to weaken the Wagner act, or driving every department and bureau head crazy (except the big shots in War and Navy) with drastic budget cuts. The Communists aren't scrapping the Wagner Health Bill, nor have they left WPA an empty shell. Symbols die hard, and it may take a little time for even some down-to-earth trade unionists, not to speak of *Nation* and *New Republic* contributors, to realize that it is the President who has walked out on the New Deal.

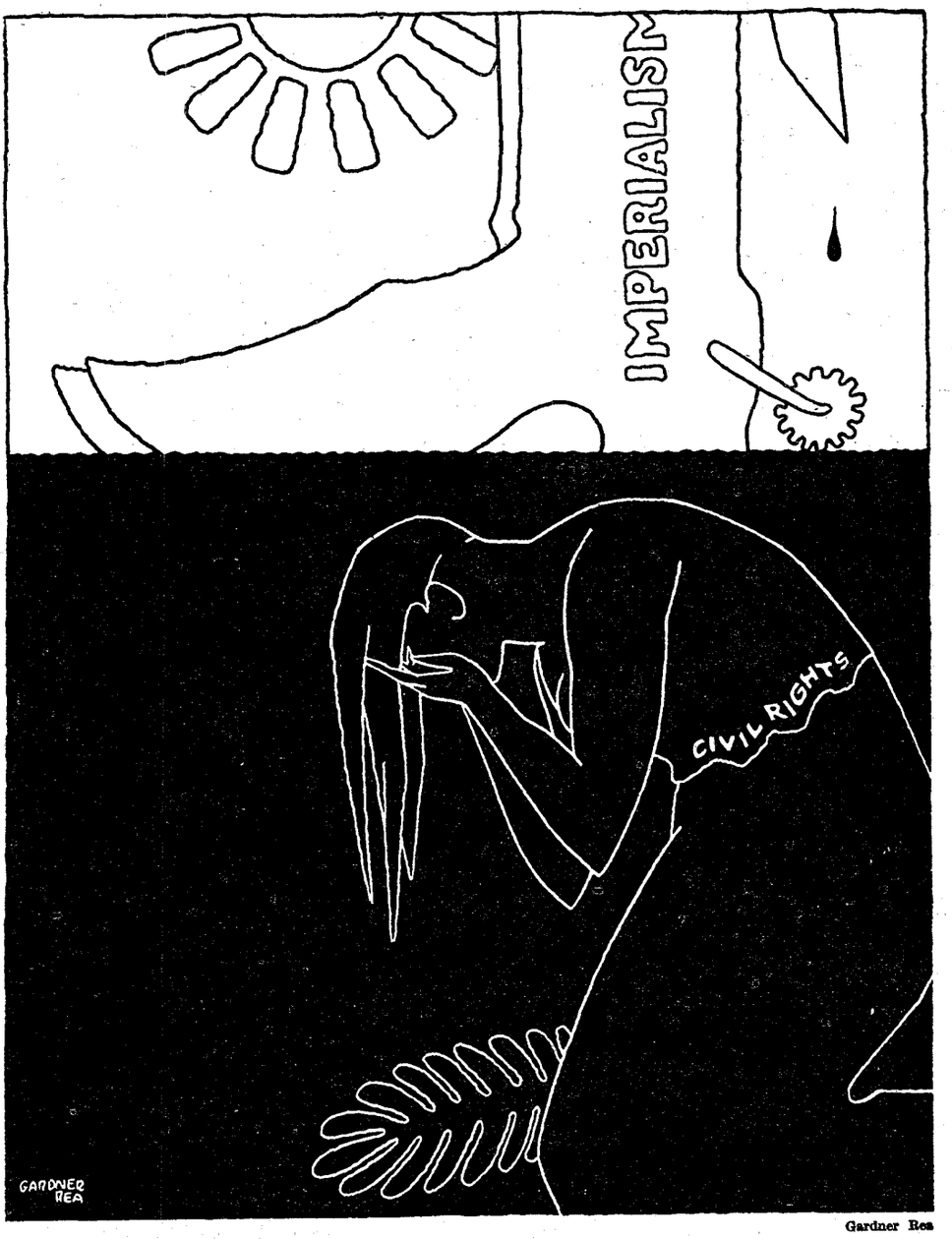
These last months of the Seventy-sixth Congress will be a nasty, difficult school. But they will be a school nonetheless, educating for that political realignment which is necessary at the end of one political era and the beginning of another. Every New Deal measure of any importance or value will be under attack. At times administration leaders will take their places in the attack. At other times they will play the role of indifferent defenders, only too ready to compromise. Differences between opponents of embargo repeal and administration supporters during the last session will be largely smoothed out. Isolationists like Hamilton Fish and Arthur Vandenberg will distinguish themselves by assailing the administration for not playing an active enough role in the anti-Soviet front.

OUTSIDE OF CONGRESS

Here and there a few voices will be raised in Congress on behalf of the peaceful pursuits of giving work relief to the unemployed, protecting the right of labor to organize, building new low-rent houses, and taking care of the sick who cannot afford doctor bills. On the whole this point of view will find most articulate expression outside of Congress. With its fine, progressive legislative platform, the CIO is clearly the largest and most influential organization backing a twofold program of staying out of war and of extending the social reforms of the New Deal.

It will be a tough fight at this session. It will take a lot of heat to keep our statesmen from wiping off the statute books every progressive measure of the last few years and substituting for them some of Martin Dies' anti-alien and anti-radical bills. But out of that fight, and out of the subsequent political campaign, ought to come at least the beginnings of a new progressive alignment based on the forces of organized labor, on such organizations as the Farmers Union. There should come a new political alignment, attracting to its ranks those congressmen and political leaders who did not begin beating the war drums as soon as the shooting started in Europe.

ADAM LAPIN.




Gardner Rea

## A Vote Against War

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT faces strong opposition on the biggest issue of the day—the war—according to the latest *Fortune* survey. Of those polled, 41.9 percent declared that they thought the Republicans have a better chance to win in 1940 on a keep-America-out-of-war platform than on domestic issues. *Fortune* adds that if the voters had been asked they would probably have advocated the same course for the Democratic Party.

Roosevelt retains his personal popularity in both the *Fortune* survey and Gallup's December poll of presidential popularity. Under *Fortune* he got the vote of 30.6 percent for the White House job in 1940; Gallup's survey showed that 63.5 percent of the voters approve him. The Gallup figure has risen from 56.1 percent in the August poll taken just before war on the Western Front started. Where has the recent 7.4 percent increase come from? Says Gallup:

> It has come not primarily from the great mass of voters in the lower-income levels. On the contrary, the rise in the President's popularity resulted from shifts in sentiment among the middle and upper income groups, of which the latter had always been the most hostile towards the administration.

It's also worth noting from the *Fortune* survey that Lindbergh's recent flight of oratory has ended in a crash for the Lone Eagle's popularity. Seventy percent were definitely anti-Lindbergh when quizzed on their reactions to the Lindbergh-for-President movement. Doin' the Reactionary doesn't rate applause from the people.

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# Eighteenth Century Dies Committee

## The "foreign agent" scare and the "alien" racket as used against Jefferson. Tories never change their line from one century to another. Preparing a war against the French revolutionaries.

THE current struggle in the United States between democracy and reaction has an instructive parallel in the struggle for democracy which culminated in Thomas Jefferson's election to the Presidency. Then, as now, the European situation exerted a profound influence on American politics and made it possible to draw a red herring across the real issue. That issue was, and still is, whether or not democracy should be extended in the United States.

The Federalists, the party of Hamilton, which evolved into the modern Republican Party, fought that extension every step of the way. Its leaders hated democracy and made no pretense to the contrary. They hadn't learned how to cloak reactionary designs in democratic catch-phrases. In control of the government since its founding in 1789, they intended to retain that control. The growing democratic movement, led by Jefferson, was a direct challenge to their monopoly.

The principal strategy in the Federalists' effort to confuse the people followed a pattern used whenever those in power have reason to fear that government "of the people, by the people, and for the people" might become a reality. It is a simple pattern: (1) Conjure up a bogy that will really scare people, and then scare them plenty. The bogy must be a threat of foreign domination, since what is foreign is unknown and therefore frightening. This also arouses sentiments of national pride and independence. A war scare created in conjunction with it practically guarantees success. (2) Identify the leaders of the democratic movement with this foreign bogy; the "smear" process. (3) In the ensuing confusion, enact repressive measures to save the people from themselves and keep them in protective custody until the progress made toward fuller democracy has been nullified.

### THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

In Jefferson's day, the French Revolution was the bogy, as the Russian Revolution is in our time. Originally it scared only the Federalists. The farmers and working people hailed it as a continuation of their own revolutionary struggle. They organized Francophile Clubs, wore tri-color cockades, addressed one another as "Citizen" or "Citizeness," sang the French revolutionary songs, "Ca Ira," the "Marseillaise," and "Carmagnole." The Federalists came out with black cockades, color of reaction. They were the original law-and-order boys, sitting on the lid at home and supporting the lid-sitters abroad. Many of them had been Tories during our own Revolution, fleeing to Canada or remaining in Philadelphia and New York to dance with the British Army of Occupation while their fellow-countrymen held on at Valley Forge. They saw the French Revolution only as a threat to property, a point on which they were infinitely sensitive. The Federalists had to work overtime to counteract popular sympathy for the French cause. Lacking the facilities of Hollywood for portraying the excesses of a revolutionary populace, they managed to do a fairly comprehensive job in word pictures. Demanded the Rev. Manasseh Cutler, Federalist congressman from Massachusetts:

> Is there a reflecting man but must recognize and deplore the existence of the same spirit in our country which has ruined France, and spread distress over the fairest parts of Europe? The imbecility of the leaders of democracy here may afford some consolation. Their courage amounts to nothing more than a giddy presumption in attempting impracticable theories, like their speculative teachers, Rousseau, Helvetius, and Godwin, whose writings seem to have turned their brains. . . .

Believers in democracy became Jacobins, and their leaders — Jefferson, Madison, George Clinton, Albert Gallatin—became the "Jacobin chiefs in America." In the same way believers in democracy today are indiscriminately branded as Communists, while progressive trade union leaders automatically become OGPU agents.

Fisher Ames, leading New England Federalist, thundered:

> There is foreign influence, and it is French. There is no doubt that the Jacobin gazettes are in her pay. [Paris gold] . . . It is a singular proof of the utter want of all patriotism in the violent spirit of Jacobinism, that the *Aurora* and *Chronicle* [democratic newspapers] are incessantly exhibiting the triumphs of France as the security of America. . . . The mock "republican" leaders, as they affect to call themselves, but the Jacobin chiefs in America, as they are known and called, are the close imitators of these French examples. They use the same popular cant, and address themselves to the same classes of violent and vicious rabble. . . . It would not be difficult to show that their notions of liberty are not much better than those of the French. . . . There is not a naked tribe in Guinea whose spirit is baser, or has yielded with more servile cowardice to foreign influence, than the conduct of the democrats has manifested towards France. . . . Shame, if it had not lost its power on these men, would strike them dumb with confusion.

Constructing the French bogy was for several years an up-hill job. England joined the league of European despotisms striving to crush the young French republic, and the Federalists began to breathe more easily. But the sympathies of the masses in this country were fervently with France, particularly since England still refused to carry out the provisions of the treaty signed at the close of the Revolutionary War by evacuating our Western forts, where she held strategic positions, and was already making a practice of impressing American seamen. The people celebrated each success of the French revolutionaries against the allied intervention as a victory for their own cause. Federalists railed against this popular enthusiasm. Said Fisher Ames:

> While the French were pulling down their government, nothing seemed so fine as their very worst conduct, to the party who were leagued together to pull down our own. They called our eyes to the banks of the Rhine, where the battles of liberty, as they were fools enough to say, were fighting — and we roasted oxen for joy because Pichegru took Amsterdam.

Ames even peddled a revised version of history, a device his spiritual descendants find more and more expedient. "It is a general opinion among democrats of all countries that France was attacked by a royal coalition, jealous of her republicanism." Nothing of the sort, he assured his readers. "The fact is, the French began the war in Flanders against the emperor when his towns were without garrisons. . . ."

The scare technique bogged down badly in the 1796 election. John Adams, the Federalist candidate, received seventy-one electoral votes to sixty-eight for Jefferson, making him President by the narrow margin of three votes. Jefferson, as the next highest candidate, became Vice President, according to the procedure then governing presidential elections. This serious threat to Federalist domination caused consternation among "the wise, the rich, and the good," as Federalist leaders habitually called themselves. They resolved to leave no stone unturned before the 1800 elections.

During the winter of 1796, a series of disastrous fires occurred in several seaboard cities. Federalist newspapers promptly charged the democrats with responsibility for these catastrophes. Since the Jacobins had failed in their attempt to blight the country with a French President, the editors reasoned, they had resolved to enjoy French liberty anyway, and, having begun with arson, would soon take to murdering the citizenry.

French "plots" were unearthed in nearly every backyard. The mayor of Philadelphia was informed that a tailor on Spruce Street was turning out a suspicious-looking lot of military uniforms. They must be intended for French troops, who were about to descend on us! The tailor was promptly clapped into jail. Ten more "conspirators," the workmen in his shop, were speedily arrested. The country had been saved once more from the French monster. All citizens were urged to be on the

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lookout for the French agent who must be involved. This gentleman, when finally located, showed a signed order from the Haitian leader, Toussaint L'Ouverture, to contract for uniforms for his militia. The fact that the plot turned out to be an invention of some disordered fancy was cold comfort for the tailors whose civil rights had been so summarily abrogated.

But perhaps the French were organizing a plot to murder Adams if he should be re-elected! Presently the Chief Executive was anonymously warned that Frenchmen in Philadelphia were conspiring to set fire to the city and massacre its inhabitants on May 5, 1799. The absurdity of such rumors was patent, but constant alarms served to create a sort of public psychosis, as Rep. Martin Dies and Adolf Hitler very well know. The *Independent Chronicle* for May 2, 1799, carried a Hearst-like tale that the French had captured a ship, the *Ocean,* and assem murdered every soul on board. Although it was pure fabrication, the story created a furore—most of the ministers in America preached provocative sermons on this fresh instance of French depravity.

### ILLUMINATI

The Rev. Jedediah Morse, of Charlestown, Mass. (father of the inventor of the telegraph), gave lurid accounts of the French underground organization in this country. A year before he had shocked people with a tale about secret societies which the French had organized here to overthrow religion. Now he announced that he had gathered complete proof of these conspiratorial secret orders. He even knew the names, ages, and birthplaces of one hundred members of a Society of Illuminati, or Illuminers, or Illuminists, which the Grand Orient of France had founded in Virginia. There were fifteen branches of this dread Comintern, including one in New York, which shared honors with Virginia as a center of subversive activity. Having finished despoiling, imprisoning, and banishing the clergy of France, these fanatics were now intent on the same work in America.

The Reverend Morse, a mild prototype of Father Coughlin, vividly painted the evils that would overtake America if the conspiracy succeeded. His sermon made such an impression that it was printed as a pamphlet, "A Sermon, Exhibiting the Present Dangers and Consequent Duties of the Citizens of the United States of America, Delivered at Charlestown, April 25, 1799, the Day of National Fast, Jedediah Morse." An array of French and English documents written in a queer jargon, with great seals composed of skulls and crossbones, was appended to prove the existence of the Illuminati.

The rebuttal came from Philadelphia in the form of another pamphlet, "A View of the New England Illuminati, Who are Indefatigably Engaged in Destroying the Religion and Government of the United States, under a Feigned Regard for their Safety, and under an Impious Abuse of True Religion." Apparently the title was too long to leave room for the writer's name, which is too bad, for he turned the tables very neatly. There was no denying the fact that there were underground societies bent on destroying religion and government (he said), but their members were New England divines, not Frenchmen. At that time, the separation of church and state had not been carried through in Connecticut and Massachusetts. The Congregational ministers, as representatives of the Established Church, exercised considerable political influence on the side of the status quo. They bitterly opposed Jefferson, who had drafted the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, effecting the disestablishment of the Episcopal Church in that state in 1786.

### THE THREE GREAT CONSPIRACIES

In Pennsylvania, Judge Alexander Addison, Federalist stalwart, delivered to the December session of the Grand Jury a charge which he styled for its subsequent publication as a pamphlet, "The Rise and Progress of Revolution." He exhorted his hearers to read a book entitled *Memoirs for Illustrating the History of Jacobinism.* This volume, he stated, described the accomplishment of three great conspiracies: the anti-Christian, which overthrew religion; the anti-monarchical, which overturned the throne, and the anti-social, which had torn asunder the entire social fabric. All this ruination had been brought about through free pamphlets, books, debating societies, Jacobin Clubs, philosophers, and Illuminati. The judge warned that in America the very same agents were boring from within and would produce fearful results unless they were promptly exterminated. Tom Paine and his *Age of Reason* represented the anti-Christian conspiracy; the Democratic Societies and newspapers were the anti-governmental conspiracy, and the Society of United Irishmen were the Illuminati, destroying the social order.

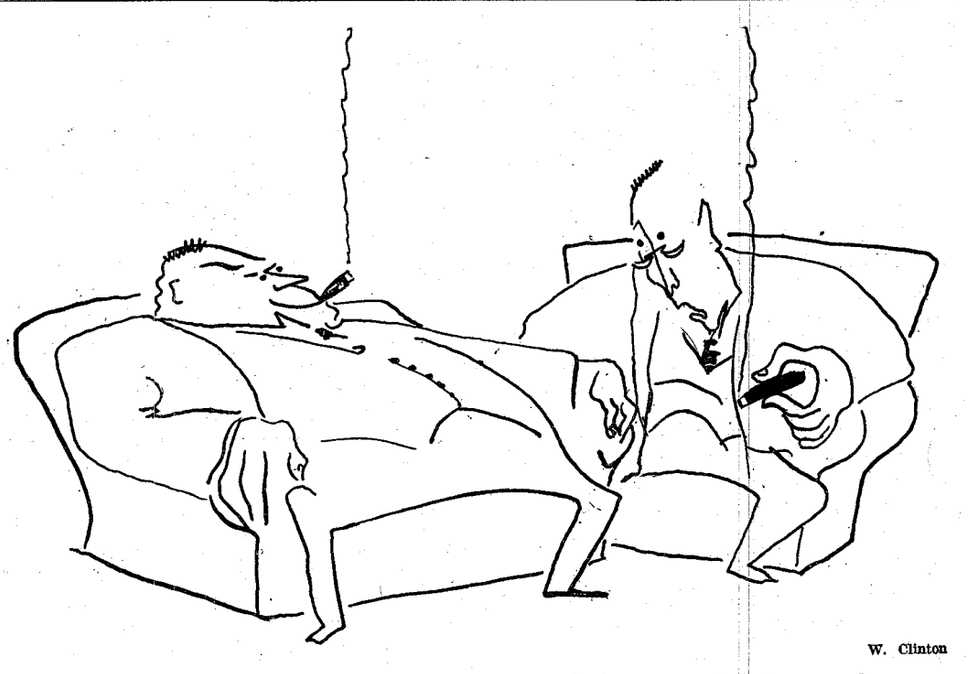
If the "authorities" differed about the identity of the Illuminati, they agreed completely that everyone in the vanguard of the democratic movement was part and parcel of this dangerous group. Convincing the people of this was the second point on their agenda. They had no *Saturday Evening Post* to spread the alarm, but they did have hackwriters who could do the job. Here is a sample from the pen of Thomas Fessenden, equally at home in prose and verse:

> We have it from good authority that Mr. Jefferson actually became initiated, while in Paris, into the mysteries of Illuminism, and his writings and conduct, since his embassy to France, display "internal evidence" of his being infected with the poison of *illuminated* principles.
>
> Now every man of sense agrees
> That democrats, Illuminees,
> Are birds obscene, and of a feather,
> Should therefore all be class'd together.

Henry Cabot Lodge says that "we smile readily at what seem to us the almost mad fears excited by the French among the . . . Federalists." But, at this distance, we are entitled to ask whether it was the French or the Federalists who excited the fears. Now we are watching the excitation of similar "mad fears," to be utilized for the same purposes. We should have stopped smiling long ago.

GALE THORNE.

*This is the first of two articles by Miss Thorne. The second will appear in an early issue.*



W. Clinton

*"Bad conditions are so good we've speeded up production and cut wages again."*

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# No Pasaran: 1940

## America's International Brigade men map their next campaign. The loyalist vets in their annual convention. "The Yanks Are Not Coming," they decide.

We learned our lessons well. They were driven into our very marrow by our sufferings and by the privations we saw about us and which we ourselves experienced. We will not forget, we of all people will not forget, the friends and the enemies of a free Spain.—David McKelvy White.

THEY had not forgotten, these undefeated veterans. It was good to see them in assembly again, these soldiers of Brunete and Teruel and the Sierra Pandols. Young they were, amazingly youthful, these hardboiled, unromantic democrats. It was hard to guess that under the commonplace mufti most of them bore scars of the war that only ended last spring. (Could it be only last spring?) This lad in the second row in this dingy little hall on Forty-third Street off Broadway I had last seen on the crags of Hill 666 just after the "eight hours of unadulterated hell." They came in civilian clothes, but soldiers still, to chart their next campaign. From all parts of the nation they came, delegates of the fifteen hundred veterans who had returned alive, fifteen hundred of the 2,800 who had left the States. They were Tom, Dick, and Harry of any American community, looking at them. But knowing them, you knew they had seen the harshest truths of our generation and it had left them clear-eyed, undefeated — practical men engaged in the business of making a better world and anybody trying to stop them damn well better step aside.

### WARRIORS FOR MANKIND

Too frequently have the great traditions of men been lost. We must not allow the enemy to smother the tradition of the International Brigades. Especially not now when their deeds shine like a beacon in the gathering gloom of an America being driven to war. Mankind has had many more heroes than scribes and most of the latter, unfortunately, have had livelihoods to watch under the lords of their times. The warriors on mankind's behalf scarcely ever have had the time to take their pens in hand, and those who did found their works destroyed in one way or another by those they had fought. So it is today. We in America have in the past three years one of the greatest traditions of our history—the International Brigades—and the same forces that sought to destroy the Spanish republic keep a wary eye and a ready hand to prevent the truth of the volunteers for liberty from reaching the 130,000,000 of our land.

Consider the nauseating editorial the New York *Times* ran about their sessions the other day. "In Spain," it said, "these volunteers saw the loyalist armies defeated after a struggle in which there was no lack of courage and determination by Nationalist Spanish forces aided by German and Italian planes and artillery, with Moorish, Italian, and a few German soldiers fighting on Franco's side. . . . The *Times,* as usual, fitted the news to print, and skirted the real story. But the boys knew that tale in all its gory, epochal detail. They knew and they spoke up here—told the whole shameful account of Chamberlain and of Daladier and of Franklin D. Roosevelt. It appeared in the remarkable report of the National Executive Committee, delivered by David McKelvy White. Since the Wall Street recruiting sergeants are drumming up a spurious "international brigade" to war upon the Soviet Union, it is extremely pertinent to review in detail the point of view of the true volunteers for liberty. Mr. White declared:

> In Spain we read our President's brave words about "quarantining the aggressor" and we remembered our State Department officials, with their suspicion and hostility; we remembered the United States consular agents at Le Havre and their "tender concern for our safety"; we remembered the American press, its slanders against the Spanish people and their leaders, its pious and indignant denial of Italian and German intervention, its praise of Franco, the Christian gentleman, and the eagerness with which it repeatedly captured Madrid for him. We wondered whether these brave words from the White House were not also hollow, as indeed they proved to be, for our government continued systematically to strangle democracy in Spain.

The boys know the enemy. In a sense the fighting is harder today. It was easier in Spain, with the Moors and Falangists before you, the Capronis and Messerschmitts above, Chamberlain in London and Daladier in Paris. They knew the enemy and they faced him. Today, the boys carry on in the newer, more difficult warfare of America—this job of getting the truth to America. And they came voluntarily to chart their strategy. Many of their admirers who followed their deeds in Spain may have wondered what they have been doing since they came back home. This convention told you. They are warriors for the people, and they shall never give up the sword. Just listen to their statement here—contrast it with that of any other veterans in American history. These men knew their times as Tom Paine knew his. Young as they are, they know the enemy, know their allies, and they haven't stopped fighting.

They spoke of the only powerful friend the Spanish people had: the Soviet Union—the USSR and Mexico. *"The Soviet Union sent food and clothing, machine guns and planes."* They did not spare the enemy:

> The brave words from Roosevelt and others about democracy and hatred of fascism are rather faded now; the tears of Blum and others for "our poor unhappy neighbors" have dried. But facts remain. Spain's enemies—France, fascist Germany and Italy, the so-called democratic governments of Great Britain, France, and even the United States —are branded with the blood of the Spanish people and of the brave men of the International Brigades.

They saw today's war for what it was: nobody could bamboozle them about this. "We denounce the present war as we did the World War in 1914-18, as a war not for freedom but for profits. . . ." They described too what was happening in the United States, warned of the "mighty forces in America now ing day and night to stir up a war hysteria. The powerful propaganda machine that, for fear of a mythical 'involvement' crushed all attempts to lift the arms embargo on Republican Spain, is today aiming at a real involvement as a boon for foreign trade and war supplies."

And at the head of this propaganda machine, they said, stands Herbert Hoover, the man who:

> . . . climbed from Belgium to the White House after having ordered troops to fire at bonus marchers and after having created Hoovervilles far and wide all over the country. The American people repudiated him and cast him away. Now he sees Finland as a second Belgium and hopes again to climb to power over the dead bodies of our youth.

Their clarity distressed the New York *Times*. Because the veterans are, after all, a group in America that commands the respect of millions of our citizenry, the *Times* editors sat down and wrote the above-mentioned editorial. "After Barcelona, Helsinki," the *Times* said. The *Times* that played William Carney's Francoist reports above any news from Barcelona; the *Times* that played dumb over the multitude of bombings in three years of republican Spain; the *Times* that helped defraud the American people in its conspiracy of silence concerning "non-intervention," that strangled the people's Spain—this *Times* today dared to tell the veterans what to think! No wonder the soldiers understood the *Times'* tales of Soviet atrocities and of Finnish justice. The boys knew their Mannerheims, knew their Casados, knew their Fifth Columns, and nobody can fool men who understand why they faced the fury of cannon and stuck it out.

Milton Wolff, handling a typewriter a aptly as he did a revolver, appeared in the New York *Herald Tribune* letter columns, December 30, to tell the Ogden Reid family off:

> Our sympathies are today with the Finnish people. It is only the suppression by the American press of the true history and present situation in Finland which enables you even to pretend that the Finnish

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people are truly represented by Mannerheim the butcher. We are confident that, as the American people slowly, in spite of you, learn the truth, our position will be as thoroughly vindicated in relation to Finland as it has been in relation to Spain.

The convention considered as its main tasks the following two campaigns: (1) To keep America out of this war. (2) To rescue their comrades in arms—the twelve thousand International Brigade men still in Daladier's concentration camps. "Twelve thousand stanch, heroic, tested fighters . . . without any form of medical aid, without decent clothing . . . almost without food . . . suffering and dying under the brutal, military supervision of their worst enemies, men who hate them and all they stand for." They did not forget the Spanish people. "Under very similar conditions are herded 200,000 homeless men, women, and children of Spain." How best to accomplish these tasks was the business of the

blage, how best to integrate their posts with their communities and afford the American people the benefit of their experience and hard-earned political wisdom.

NEW OFFICERS

They have posts in fifteen of the major cities of the country; groups in many more. They chose their officers for the coming year: Milton Wolff, twenty-four-year-old commander of the battalion in Spain, was unanimously elected commander of the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. Another new officer was that redoubtable soldier, Luchell McDaniels, the "Fantastigo" of his beloved Spanish comrades who never tired of admiring the way he threw grenades with either hand. He was elected adjutant commander. Gerald Cook, of New York, was made secretary, and Leonard Levinson editor of the *Volunteer for Liberty*, the vets' frontline organ.

Vicente Uribe, minister of agriculture in loyalist Spain, spoke to the men, paid ardent tribute to their devotion and discipline. He referred specifically to "the renegade Ralph Bates" in discussing the enemies of the Spanish people. He told how some of them had weaseled their way into the ranks of even the Internationals, how they worked to break the unity of the people, labored as spies and provocateurs.

The boys put it this way in speaking of Spain's enemies abroad and at home:

> They saw that victory for the Spanish republic and the Spanish people would greatly strengthen the cause of peace, for it would turn the tide of international lawlessness and fascist aggression. They saw it would greatly strengthen democracy, not only in Latin America, where nations and peoples look to Spain as their mother country, but throughout the whole world, because it would reassert the principles upon which our country was built, the right of the people to determine their own government, and because it would strengthen everywhere those organizations of labor and of the people which are, more and more clearly every day, the indices of democracy and the guarantors of freedom.

That is why they went to Spain. That is why they carry on now that they are home from Spain. Hardboiled, practical democrats, they knew democracy—the will of the people—had to be fought for. They were the plain practical youth of America, most of them had had experience in the people's organizations—trade unions, students' organizations. They felt somebody had to do the fighting and the hardiest of them volunteered. That was all there was to it. Today Martin Dies makes a big hullabaloo about the reasons why they went to Spain. Lying, insidious explanations are given by the summer soldiers and the traitors. Ralph Bates, whom the men listed as a deserter and who did not dare to appear at the convention even though they had invited him to attend to explain his recent actions, wrote not long ago that when the volunteers were questioned, "even in intimacy, as to their reasons for fighting, very few of these men ever gave an answer except the stereotyped and uninteresting one, 'to fight for democracy.' "

Ralph Bates is not satisfied with that answer but it is quite enough for the men. Here in this drab hall they carried on their deliberations and posed a question 1940 America asked them: "What now, vet?" And they gave an "uninteresting and stereotyped" answer on behalf of the American people: "The Yanks are *not* coming."

JOSEPH NORTH.

## News from California

CALIFORNIA is being currently visited by two congressional investigating committees—the La Follette Civil Liberties inquiry, and Mr. Dies' un-American committee. The evidence revealed on the Associated Farmers needs to be told the people—deputy sheriffs testifying blandly to clubbings and shootings, "Associated Farmers" being financed by ten leading corporations, and the revelations to come of the tieup between all anti-labor forces in California. But the mercenary press gives the play to Mr. Dies, who has discovered that leading screen players contribute to "Red" causes.

The La Follette hearings are long overdue, after years of official tampering with the California investigation. Now the facts are known, but only to those who read the *Daily Worker*, or the *People's World* in San Francisco.

## Art Knows No Boundaries

THE Little Theater of Washington, D. C., is holding an International Film Festival with the slogan "Great Art Knows No Boundaries." It claims the pictures have been "culled from the lists of outstanding pictures from all cinema-producing countries." A fan, startled by the omission of Soviet films from this grandiose enterprise, was told by the manager that Russian films were omitted because they are "out and out expositions of the glories of Communism." On the bill is Paul Robeson in *Emperor Jones*. Negroes are not admitted to the theater.

## Roundup

NINETY thousand New Yorkers applied for $35.77 Sanitation Dept. jobs. Only two thousand available in next four years. . . . In speech before Nebraska State Bar Assn., Frank Knox, Chicago publisher and candidate for Navy Department post, said, "Central and South America constitutes for us a region of exceptional and peculiar national interest. Here lies our destiny if we but have the courage to seize it." . . . Major casualty in New Deal retreat is the Wagner health program. Ten-year plan for child care, clinics, and disability payments scrapped for face-saving scheme of federal hospitals in Southern rural areas. Reactionary American Medical Association head, Morris Fishbein, said "Hooray" when he heard of FDR backslide. . . . Underlying widespread Yugoslav demonstrations and police brutality is popular dissatisfaction with high prices, demand for pro-Soviet foreign policy, and restoration of civil liberties. . . . TNEC, whose hearings disclosed J. P. Morgan evasion of 1933 Banking Act and fabulous profits of Morgan Stanley Co. investment house, will make public ten-year survey of investments by major insurance companies. . . . Academic freedom violated in University of Tennessee, St. Louis University, Stetson University, Montana State, and University of North Dakota, according to Association of University professors meeting in New Orleans. . . . "Cannon versus butter" policy grips Britain as rations on sugar, meats, bacon, and butter go into effect. . . . American farmer bearing brunt of war boom: November decline in U. S. exports, says Hopkins, "results chiefly from reduced shipments of agricultural products, especially raw cotton, grain, and fruits [but] aircraft, automobiles, iron and steel were considerably larger in value than October." . . . Two hundred and forty members of lower house of Japanese Diet petitioned Abe Cabinet to resign because of popular discontent with food prices and rice shortages. Japanese-American relations move to crisis. While some Tokyo papers called for "spectacular reversal" in Japanese policy, Russo-Jap commission negotiates Mongolian border settlement. . . . Backing Burton Wheeler's presidential aspiration, Senator Burke almost wrecked Wheeler's chances with remark "that he personally was for Vice President Garner, but on fundamental matters Senator Wheeler and the Vice President were not far apart. . . ." Recommended: Ernest Moorer's expose of Dies committee witness, the phony medico, Dr. Dubrowsky, in last week's *Daily Worker*. . . . More info on Matthews attack upon consumers: on November 30, Richard Berlin, of Hearst publications, George Sokolsky, of NAM payroll, F. J. Schlink, of strikebreaking Consumers Research, and two representatives of leading advertising agency met to OK Matthews blast. Also: first release of Matthews story came from *Good Housekeeping*, Hearst magazine, two days before Dies committee announced it. Both releases reported mimeographed on same machine.

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# Chinese Red Army Data

*A divisional commander reports on the achievements of the Eighth Route Army and the Fourth Route Army for the past two years.*

THE anti-Japanese national revolutionary war of the Chinese people is now in its third year. For the past two years the Eighth Route Army and the New Fourth Army, the two Communist armies, have been operating in North China and the Yangtze Valley, organizing the people, spreading guerrilla warfare, and establishing anti-Japanese bases, coordinating them with other Chinese armies in the defense of the Northwest and of all China.

In order to show the special roles played by the Eighth Route Army and the New Fourth Army and the tremendous losses suffered by the Japanese in the occupied territories, the achievements of these two armies during the first two years of the war are tabulated in the following table. On account of the immense territory over which these armies operate and the lack of modern means of communication, the following table is by no means complete. At the time of compilation, the reports of certain regular units of the Eighth Route Army and the New Fourth Army had not yet been received. Besides, the reports of the local militia led by these two armies are not included.

The statistics of the Eighth Route Army cover the period from September 1937 to May 30, 1939. Those of the New Fourth Army cover the period from May 1938 to May 30, 1939.

The territory recovered by the Eighth Route Army amounts to 100,000 square kilometers inhabited by a population of more than twelve million, if we merely count the Hopei-Chahar-Shansi Border District—the model anti-Japanese base in North China. Other territories recovered by the Eighth Route Army and the New Fourth Army in southern Hopei, Shangtung, Shansi, Suiyuan, Honan, and Yangtze Valley have not yet been compiled as the material is incomplete.

The fighters of the Eighth Route and the New Fourth Armies, under the leadership of the Chinese Communist Party, are doing their part for the liberation of the Chinese nation. The future is bright. But there are many obstacles ahead. The attempt of a few elements to prepare for capitulation under the slogan of "anti-Communism" is one of the chief dangers. The Eighth Route Army and the New Fourth Army will stand firm, and continue to fight for the independence and liberation of the great Chinese nation!

COMMANDER HSIAO HSIANG-YUNG.

*Casualties of the enemy forces*

| | |
|---|---|
| Battles | 3,219 |
| Japanese killed or wounded | 72,030 |
| Puppet army* troops killed or wounded | 15,430 |
| Japanese captured | 1,330 |
| Puppet army soldiers captured | 9,615 |
| Donkeys and horses killed | 4,361 |
| Donkeys and horses captured | 5,060 |
| Puppet army soldiers who came over to the Chinese | 19,301 |

*Enemy possessions destroyed*

| | |
|---|---|
| Airplanes | 24 |
| Railway cars | 86 |
| Locomotives | 81 |
| Tanks | 31 |
| Armored trains | 4 |
| Armored cars | 68 |
| Motors | 542 |
| Mountain artillery | 31 |
| Machine guns | 23 |
| Railway station buildings | 36 |
| Steamships | 14 |
| Automobiles | 2,509 |
| Junks | 80 |
| Railway tracks torn up (miles) | 452 |
| Highways torn up | 880 |
| Bridges | 505 |
| Coal factories | 23 |

*Ammunition and supplies captured*

| | |
|---|---|
| Airplanes | 3 |
| Mountain artillery | 24 |
| Trench mortars | 55 |
| Field guns | 6 |
| Anti-aircraft guns | 1 |
| Heavy machine guns | 170 |
| Light machine guns | 384 |
| Rifles | 22,853 |
| Pistols | 420 |
| Cannon balls (cases) | 643 |
| Bullets (cases) | 810 |
| Bullets (pieces) | 70,000 |
| Hand grenades (cases) | 2,115 |
| Automobiles | 39 |
| Large carts | 1,204 |
| Radio sets | 31 |
| Telephone sets | 82 |
| Bicycles | 880 |
| Telescopes | 39 |
| Japanese swords | 107 |
| Banners | 384 |
| Steel helmets | 2,240 |
| Gas masks | 2,635 |
| Blankets (packages) | 14,050 |
| Woolen coats | 6,245 |
| Copper wire | 320,000 |
| Signal guns | 8 |

*Armies formed by Chinese puppet governments set up by the Japanese in occupied territories.

Of the total casualties suffered by the Japanese for the last two years—800,000 killed and wounded—more than 87,400 casualties (not including those captured alive) have been caused by the activities of the Eighth Route Army and the New Fourth Army. These two armies are a relatively small proportion of the whole Chinese army, yet they were able to deal such effective blows that one-ninth of the Japanese casualties were due to their activities.

Of the 2,026 pieces of artillery captured by the Chinese army, the Eighth Route Army and the New Fourth Army captured 117 (5.7 percent).

Of the 3,770 machine guns captured by the Chinese army, the Eighth Route Army and the New Fourth Army captured 577 (15.3 percent).

Of the 68,374 rifles captured by the Chinese army, the Eighth Route Army and the New Fourth Army captured 23,273 (34.3 percent).

Of the 9,116 automobiles captured by the Chinese army, the Eighth Route Army and the New Fourth Army captured 2,616 (28.7 percent).

If the above general comparison is still not sufficient to show the true situation, let us take the month of April 1939:

Of the 827 battles fought by the Chinese army in that month, the Eighth Route Army and the New Fourth Army fought 252 (30.7 percent).

Of the 53,274 casualties suffered by the enemy that month the activities of the Eighth Route Army and the New Fourth Army caused 4,133 (about 8 percent).

Of the 3,267 rifles captured by the Chinese army, the Eighth Route Army and the New Fourth Army captured 734 (22.4 percent).

Of the 101 machine guns captured by the Chinese army that month the Eighth Route Army and the Fourth captured 42 (41 percent).

Of the 1,068 Japanese soldiers captured that month, the Eighth Route Army and the New Fourth Army captured 716 (67 percent).

The Eighth Route Army receives financial support from the Central Government which is only sufficient to support 45,000 men. But the casualties alone of the Eighth Route Army in the first two years reached the figure of 56,000.

One more important point. According to the latest statistics compiled by Chu Teh, commander-in-chief of the Eighth Route Army, the total number of Japanese divisions engaged in the war is forty-two. Of these, nineteen divisions are stationed in North China, of which fourteen divisions are either engaged in fighting the Eighth Route Army or cannot be shifted to other fronts on account of that army's activities. This means that the Eighth Route Army has succeeded in engaging one-third of the Japanese forces in China.—H. H.-Y.

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# Collegians Reject War Racket

## Propaganda from the president's office takes no one in. The second of two articles by Milton Meltzer.

IN 1914 only one out of twenty-four Americans of college age was in college. That tiny percentage almost entirely represented the upper classes. They were the sons and daughters of the rich, ignorant of and indifferent to the problems of the great mass of Americans being rushed into war.

Today is different. This student generation has learned the truth about World War I. It did not give youth prosperity and glory. It gave them misery and death. The economic devastation of the years that followed has left them no place in this society. Unwanted today, the surplus generation is rapidly growing conscious of an even greater menace to its existence—war.

One out of seven of the country's young people is in college now. Unlike the students of a generation ago they are the sons and daughters of ordinary people, much closer to reality, much better prepared to fight for freedom and security. It was students of this caliber, four hundred strong, delegated from colleges and universities all over the country, who met at the University of Wisconsin, Christmas week, in the Fifth Annual Convention of the American Student Union.

### STUDENT POLLS

Signs of their awareness are apparent on campuses everywhere. At the end of last October Student Opinion Surveys of America, a polling organization akin to Gallup's, took a cross-section of student opinion on war in 150 colleges and universities across the country. To the question "If England and France were in danger of defeat, should the USA send troops to help them?" 64 percent said no; 36 percent, yes. Fifty-eight percent said they would not volunteer if the United States went to war to help the Allies in danger of defeat. This figure is a decline from the refusal of 80 percent to volunteer, shown in a poll taken last February. The pressure of pro-war propaganda and the need for intense education in resistance to it are obvious.

In the same month a national poll of 182 Catholic colleges was taken by the magazine *America*. Fifty-four thousand men and women students were quizzed about their attitude toward the war in Europe: 97 percent said they did not want America to enter the war. In answer to the question "Would American intervention on the Allies' side lead to the creation of a stable peace in Europe?" the Catholic students showed their distrust of the pro-British forces by voting: 79 percent, no; 7 percent, yes; and 14 percent, doubtful. Seventy-seven percent said they would not volunteer if the USA entered the war.

The trend of opinion is evidenced on every campus by the student newspapers. During the first month of the fall semester there were anti-war editorials in such diverse papers as the University of Florida *Alligator*, the University of Tulsa *Collegian*, the Boston University *News*, the New Mexico State Teachers College *Mustang*, the Hobart College *Herald*, the University of California *Californian*, the Brooklyn College *Vanguard*, the University of Richmond *Collegian*, the Georgetown *Hoya*, the Oklahoma *Daily*, the Vassar *Miscellany*.

An editorial in Swarthmore's paper shows at once the reaction of the student body against the war and the pro-war bias of the college administration, a split that exists on a great many campuses. President Aydelotte of Swarthmore is chairman of the American Committee of the Rhodes Trust. In the last war he helped cement Morgan's relations with the Bank of England by acting as national director of the War-Aims Course that was compulsory in five hundred colleges. This year Dr. Aydelotte invited Lord Lothian, Britain's ambassador and top propagandist in America, to address the Swarthmore students. There was a howl of protest from the students and a blast in the campus paper against the President's unneutral action. It was the tipoff to other college prexies that their students might not relish tiffin and crumpets with British propagandists. But it didn't stop Nicholas Miraculous at Columbia from serving the British empire and its American sympathizers just as he did twenty years ago. He has butlered Lord Lothian into Columbia's halls two or three times in as many months this semester.

### FREE SPEECH?

There are other men like Butler running American universities. At Ohio State the student Marxist Society has been banned, and in California the American Student Union has been forced out of public educational institutions. In the East a long list of universities have denied Earl Browder the right to speak upon student invitation: Harvard, Princeton, Dartmouth, Cornell, New York University, City College of New York, and Brooklyn College. Trustee-dominated administrators have refused to give the anti-war point of view a hearing, fearful of the impetus it will give to the campus fight for peace.

Only Yale and Massachusetts Institute of Technology have had enough respect for constitutional rights to permit Browder to speak. But the authorities' "No" at the other colleges has not put a chill on student interest in what Browder, or anyone else who speaks plainly, has to say. Some seven hundred students at Harvard signed a protest petition with the support of the *Daily Crimson*, and the Phi Beta Kappa Society issued an appeal for united student organizational defense of civil liberties. A poll of the Harvard students by the ASU showed them sixteen to one against America's going to war.

When Brooklyn College banned Browder fifty representatives of student organizations met at once to set up a civil liberties committee. In four hours on that same day thirteen hundred signatures protesting the free-speech gag were collected. Three days later a meeting of five hundred students voted support of the protest, and in three days more one thousand students turned out to hear another Communist, Clarence Hathaway, speak against the war. Brooklyn's quick and vigorous student reaction to Gideonse's gag rule shows which way the wind is blowing.

Some educators too have learned from the last war. On November 19 the American Committee for Democracy and Intellectual Freedom, a distinguished group of university professors headed by Franz Boas of Columbia, issued a public statement warning that "the

## Here's Your Hat

IN THE classrooms and corridors of Brooklyn College the students are singing and shagging this song. It came out of nowhere as an expression of campus reaction to a president who proclaimed before the American Association of University Women, "We have no business at a time like this to be whining about neutrality."

You are guilty, Mr. Gideonse, self-confessed
Of flagrant disregard for our expressed request.
Charge is rabid Robinsonian
With a thin veneer of chromium.
It's a helluva situation for a brand new administration.
What's your hurry, Mr. Gideonse?
Here's your hat.

Hey, watch out, Mr. Gideonse, there's a Red!
Ain't you scared you'll be murdered in your bed?
If they getcha we are sorry—
We don't see why we should worry.
You can see the future facing you
When the student movement's chasing you,
Better get going, Mr. Gideonse.
Here's your hat.

My, my
Don't cry,
You'll be in the foreign service by and by.
There's a future in the army we've been told,
Shiny buttons and some epaulettes of gold.
And if you read the *Trib* and *Journal*
They might even make you Colonel,
What a service for the nation
And to hell with education.
Sorry, sorry, Mr. Gideonse.
Here's your hat.

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second world war has created a great danger of a repetition of the war hysteria of 1917. Signs are clearly visible of a concerted drive against civil liberties." The committee announced a series of projects to defend the Bill of Rights and intellectual freedom in the schools and out. If this movement develops among faculty people it will give added strength to the student struggle to keep America out of war.

AMERICAN STUDENT UNION

One of the first lines of defense against the pro-war drive on the campus is the American Student Union. Formed in December 1935, the ASU has grown to several thousand members organized in chapters in one hundred schools and two hundred colleges. Since 1936 it has sponsored peace demonstrations which in recent years have brought out over 350,000 students. On November 11 this year the ASU declared:

> The student body this Armistice Day has one supreme concern—to keep our country out of war. . . . The school and university have a special responsibility to promote dispassionate investigation into the cause, character, and the outcome of this war and the United States' relationship to it. . . . Hitler and Chamberlain made this war; the peoples must make the peace.

Out of the discussion and decisions of the ASU convention during Christmas week came a program of study and action that will help unite the student peace movement, rallying the American colleges behind the leadership of labor to halt the war and make a just peace. All measures aimed at the militarization of youth in preparation for entrance into the war must be checked. The government and pro-war college administrators will seek to extend the ROTC and make it compulsory. (There are now some 83,000 students enrolled in the ROTC in 124 colleges.) The army is making overtures to the college men in an attempt to build its forces to full wartime strength. It offers bright prospects of quick promotion to the young men who know they face unemployment after graduation. Big business, preparing for war, advertises the prospect of boom times again. But clear-headed students will not be deceived. They see educational budgets cut in favor of increased armaments; they see profits up and wages down; free speech strangled on the campus; the students of European universities marched into the trenches. They know what happened last time. Nineteen-forty will not repeat 1917.

MILTON MELTZER.

## Memo to Youth

ITEM from George Sokolsky's column in New York *Herald Tribune*, New Year's Day, entitled "The Revival of Heroism":

> If our youth could only recognize the truth, that in their generation security is not within the scope of realism, that all that matters is that we retain liberty and courage and character, then Finland's sacrifices will not have been in vain.

# Letter of Application

## The White Guard in America rallies about the new Kolchak. P. S. He must have got the job. The Compleat Red-baiter.

*To Mr. Martin Dies, care of Comewithme for Unamericanism, Washington, D. C.*

*Dear sweet friend Mr. Martin Dies:*

How glad you are making my heart to sing in me like little bird which see much blood of dirty peasant. I am seeing glorious work of your great Comewithme for Unamericanism, with pestimony from my many so great friends who are at one time great man with much whip residing in previously sacred dirt of Russia. Krivitsky, Lyons, Matthews, much other—all great son holy mother Russia who are now bleed under unsacred heel. It makes me to bah with furious. Also Trotsky our sweet beautiful leader, and why forget Kerensky?

Because of these therefores, I writing to you. I, Ivan Tippoliceoff, writing to great heroic Comewithme which sword of fire to fire all people from jobs, make room for honest people. I am honest people! Fire with your sword and make room I shall have job with other rest of stoolpigeons and sing with sweet voice against dirty Reds. I have in personally knowledge of much *Plots!* To example only one mention: heroic Comewithme resides beneath impression Joseph Stalin now occupied with living in (Ptui! Excuse, I spit.) Red Russia, yes? Is not! Living in Kremlin are sixteen imitation Stalin; take turns—but who himself live where? Ha! With disguise of Australian, right among United States he lives underneath name called Harry Bridges! How you like these for *Plot?* Krivitsky himself do not know these. Not even Frank Murphy! Never mind, I give you free for cost nothing. Is only *Sample!*

You see, hah? You need Tippoliceoff, he has great usefultude, knows all best methods from formerly time (Excuse. I cry.) when work for great master, noble Prince Nasty-stinkievitch Lickbootsonandoff in old holy Russia great sacred mother. Ah, what beautiful time, ah, how pity you could not have been with! Siberia! The Cossacks! The knout! The hanging up from neck! How you would have been happy, dear sweet friend Mr. Martin Dies, how were such screams, such blood! Is like beautiful dream from heaven in remembering! And now all gone; nothing only sixteen imitation Stalin and much dirty Jew-Bolshevik Reds. Bukharin, Fred Beal—all great man gone. I gnash my tooth.

But is not time for sentiment. We have tender heart who bleed for sacred mother, but must business. How you like my *Sample Plot?* One which enclosed only small portion! I do for you other thing, too. I have many *Names.* I listen, I open mail, sneak transom, look into keyhole of bathroom, hide under bed. I write all down, with *Names,* ready for you. But is small thing, is *Nothing.* You have somebody you don't like so good, has nice job, pretty wife? I fix! You like bomb should be found in office dirty Unamerican Red Jew-bastard trade-union monopolist organization? I know how! You like to know who belongs some other bunch Bolsheviks, like maybe YMCA or Methodist Church? I join; I find out! And costs you cheap! What is dirty money, in time when all real True American must work hard to save country and help beautiful English French Italian German government with few others be able to jump on dirty Russia and save poor United States? I look at poor Finland and my heart say for $65 week and few expense money for bribing and such similar can do you first class job. Ivan have heart of patriot!

So please you answer quick from your noble Comewithme, dear sweet friend Mr. Martin Dies, sending also first four weeks cashmoney in advancement. I know you are giving me job with True American stoolpigeons. If not, crazy people could think maybe you do not want to find out *Plots* of Jew-Bolsheviks, or else you will give job to Ivan who knows them. Crazy people could even think maybe then you are Friend of Reds! But of course this is crazy and I know you give me job and this is little joke just private with me and you, ha-ha!

Along with four weeks cashmoney advancement pay, send friend from Comewithme who gets me out of jail. Dirty Unamerican Reds have put me up in a frame. I not only never see these girls before in my life but also is lie I cross with them from one state to a different state. Do they think I'm crazy? Is all dirty lie from Reds. If strange girls see I am honest in the face and give me money I should keep for them so they don't lose it, how can I help? So please you send quick and get me out from Jewish *Plot* jail.

Your dear sweet friend,

*Ivan Tippoliceoff*

## The Biggies, They Come

AN interesting item in *Variety,* trade paper of the entertainment business:

> On the other hand, causing (lecture bureau) impresarios to rub their hands and burn up wires to Mexico City is the apparent certainty that Leon Trotsky, exiled Russian biggie, now south of the border, will be permited to enter this country to testify before the Dies committee. It is understood that his movements won't be restricted and every sort of offer is being made him for lecture dates. New York managers are thinking of no measly Town Hall; it would be Madison Square Garden if available.

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**That we not be outdonne in ye realme of unscientifique prophefy, NneMme presenteth its owne Almannake for ye yearre 1940, A.D. rendered in line and chapter by ye Honored Aftrologer of ye People, A Reddefielde. Ye incidence of true names or persona is entirely premeditated and wyth fulle malyce for whych we begge no forbearance from ye reader.**

New Year's doth arrive on schedule . . . So far so goode.

Congrefs diverteth 806 billion dollar relief fund to General Mannerheim.

Congrefs demandeth Finnifh People's Government pay ye debt pronto.

Mr. Stolberg sayeth Communift Party is dead in *True Story* magazine.

Unemployment solved! It snoweth.

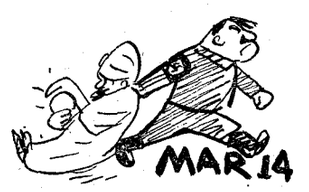
Ye ground hogge predicteth Finn boy scout will slay a million Muscovites by evening prefstime.

Special Lincoln's Birthday showing of *Gonne With the Winde* with stage show reenacting joyous event in Ford's Theater, 1865.

Mr. H. Hoover asketh aid for ye poore little Confederacy.

F. Roosevelt apologizeth to His Majefty for Geo. Wafhington.

French Army advanceth.




A. Hitler gaols soothfayers as Ides of March approacheth.

Bounds of Englifh language extended as Weftbrook Pegler pays ye income tythe.

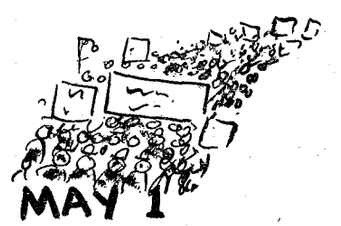
Newfpapers admitteth it.

Britifh Propagandift arriveth a day late.

Miftrefs Gloria Vanderbilt cometh out bringing joy to hearts of ye journalifts.

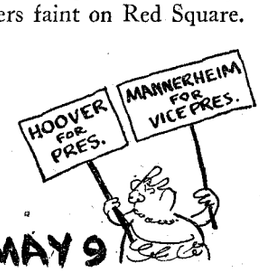
Mr. Gardner Rea arrefted leaving Brookhaven, L. I., without pafsport.

Stolberg sayeth Communift Party is dead in series in ye *Woman's Wear Daily*.




This is our day to strut.

Fifteen Japanese military obfervers faint on Red Square.




Republican Party nominateth candidates.

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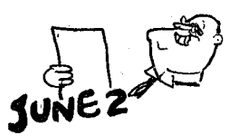
Mussolini demandeth Nice, Tunis, Savoy!

Ohio relief crifis almoft over.

Doris Duke seweth newe flagge having no red colour in it. Sayeth Miss Duke: "Betsy Ross pulled a boner and it's time we admitted it. Also it was less work."




Mr. F. Roosevelt announceth Monroe Doctrine covereth Baltic and China Seas.

Prof. Hooton of Harvard calleth Stalin an introvert.

John Dewey sayeth Stalin is an extravert.

A. Capone welcomed to ye FBI Staff.

All concede pennant to ye Yankf. Hoover nameth committee to aid ye poore little Saint Louis Browns.

Congrefs reviseth ye Declaration of Independence.

Daladier and Blum layeth cornerstone for ye newe Bastille.

Mr. Dies report nameth Boy Scouts a transmifsion belte.

H. Hoover nameth committee to succor poore little Japan.

Mussolini demandeth Nice, Tunis, Savoy!

Fr. Murphy discovereth Bill of Rights covereth not reds, trade unionists, former New Dealers, and clerks in Dept. of Justice.

Junior G-Men throw away badges.

Labour Day, Matthew Woll sayeth Labor menaceth War.

Alex Rose runneth on Tammany Ticket in Newe Yorke.

Last German ship sinketh last British packet and then scuttleth self.

J. Dugan decideth Boogie-Woogie can't laft—Mike Gold proftrated.

Dies denies red blood floweth in his veins.

Columbus Day at Columbus Circle; La Guardia asketh aid for poore little Hoover.

Lighted pumpkins banned; Wall Street jittery.

F. Roosevelt greeteth winning presidential candidate.

Mr. Morgan also winneth ye Irish Sweepftakes.

Hendrik Van Loon designeth newe Christmas Seal.

B. Stolberg sayeth Communist Party is dead in Aftrology Magazine. Aftrologers aver Stolberg knoweth not his aftrolabe from hole in ground.

Lippmann sayeth: "Get ye boys in ye trenches by Christmas."

Dorothy Thompson coineth slogan: "Western Civilization, We Are Here!"

N. Y. *Times* sayeth Mannerheim is One Hundred and First Needy Case.

Unemployment solved! Snow! Sleet! Slufh!

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# Soviet Travelogue

## A visitor to the USSR jots down a few observations on a recent trip there.

Oddly enough, when I entered the Soviet Union on July 16, 1939, I found myself looking for the same things I had seen when I left in August 1937. Searching for Soviet landmarks that I knew, I looked also for the same old buildings and the same old streets—even for the same half-built structures, the same tornup sections of streets, the same holes in the city landscape for which new structures were planned.

I suppose it's human nature.

But what I intended to look for were the *changes*. I wanted to see *what was new* after my two years' absence. And I saw plenty of that, but, as I say, it had to break in like a sledge hammer through my nostalgic expectancy of recognizing everything.

### MOSCOW

Take Moscow, for instance. When I climbed out of the Intourist bus before the old Novy Moskofsky Hotel, I just stood and gaped. The same old hotel: but where was the old wooden bridge that, two years before, I walked on so often, to get to the Red Square? Now, over the historic Moscow River, a broad five-lane concrete bridge, with elegant arches between strong supports, stretches across, beginning at old St. Basil's Cathedral and declining gradually to street level, blocks past the embankment. And in front of the hotel, where such a little while ago there was a narrow, crowded, untidy street, I found now a sizable square, with a taxi station at one end. A wide stairway—up which I hurried, without delaying a minute—leads from the square up to the bridge, and I looked down at the sloping concrete embankments on each side of the river, and at the walks and drives new-built there. While behind me, on all the five lanes of the bridge, rolled a motor traffic twenty times heavier than I had ever before seen in Moscow.

My surprise made me feel foolish for a moment. I knew perfectly well that changes like this were taking place all the time, that five-year plans of such changes succeeded each other as rapidly and as regularly as crises and suicides occur in other countries. Then I looked at Gorky Avenue, widened since I was there, one side completely straightened and corresponding straightening work proceeding on the other side. Under the avenue, as I found that evening, ran the new branch of Moscow's elegant subway. In another part of the city rose the new House of Writers and other new buildings. These structures were thrilling to see and to compare with the old. But I suppose it is monotonous to tell about new building accomplishments, over and over. The Soviets do so much building.

Most impressive to see were the people. It has been said so often that life is getting better in the Soviet Union that the words almost lose their force. We think of "getting better" as a permanent condition, the same yesterday, today, and forever. But life is concretely much better than it was two years ago, in a way that can be seen and experienced, just as two years ago life was better than it had been previously. It is clear from the people's clothing, from the comfortable and unworried expression of the whole population, and from their merrymaking in the parks, on the beaches. I observed the people carefully in town after town—Moscow, Gorky, Kazan, Kuibishev, Saratov, Stalingrad, Rostov-on-Don, Sochi, Yalta, Odessa, Kiev. Everywhere people are going on vacations, crowding the trains and steamboats, strolling in the parks of culture and rest, packing the open air theaters, lolling on Black Sea beaches, talking and laughing endlessly, late at night, in cafes and restaurants.

"I like Russian people," said a young Swedish woman journalist, in vigorous though limited English. "They not sleep at night. They laugh all time." She was exactly right. This free gayety is not new in kind, but I was astonished at the extent of it. My first visit to the Soviet Union was in 1935, when the lean and early years of the five-year plans began at last to show results, and socialist prosperity began to smile on the multinational Soviet peoples. But in 1939, life was far better. Not that perfection had been reached, or half reached, or one-tenth reached. But the heaviest weight of poverty has lifted and the people feel confident; they are already gay and carefree, despite the enormous tasks yet remaining to be done.

### MORE FOOD

For example, consider the food question: In 1937, when I left the Soviet Union, I was ready to say that the food problem was solved in the main, for there was plenty of meat, fish, bread, cheese. But I wished there were more raw vegetable salads. In the summer of 1939, I was very pleased to find at every hotel, from Leningrad through a whole circle of towns to Kiev, plenty of tomato and cucumber salad, all one could eat, along with the staple foods.

In 1937 I was amused to hear that the hotel waiters' union had resolved that its members should learn English. Nevertheless, in 1939, I was really surprised to hear waiters, in one hotel after another, ask in English for my order—though not always in especially good English.

In the villages and rural districts, I used to see the majority of peasant women going barefoot. This time I found perhaps one barefoot woman in fifty, though I looked around in every village we passed through. Children, even in the villages, were dressed very neatly and even modishly, ten times better than I had found them earlier. Two years ago, when peasants traveled on boat or train, they always carried bundles on their shoulders, their belongings tied up in a sheet or blanket. In 1939, though the majority still lugged bundles, I found what I judged to be at least 15 percent of them carrying new suitcases—a real change to anyone who knows old Russia, or knows the East.

The collective farms are steadily forging ahead in crops and equipment. Factories for consumption goods are growing steadily and coming nearer to meeting the enormous demands made on them. Heavy industry, solidly based now on power plants and plants for producing machinery, is obviously capable of caring for basic needs, especially defense needs.

### THE RED ARMY

During the past summer, unlike previous years, no tourist was allowed to visit auto or tractor factories or electric power plants—or, of course, airplane factories. Such military precautions have been general for some time in all countries. I saw many more soldiers than I had two years ago, and very many more soldiers' camps. Evidently the Soviet Union had kept a finger on the pulse of events, and did not intend to be caught napping. But, just as before, the Red Army men sang joyously while marching. Really, isn't a happy army a kind of anomaly according to "Western" standards? After hearing them sing on the streets of a score of cities—a variety of popular Soviet songs—I was a little less astonished to hear the brilliant Red Army Chorus at Yalta, in a program that has become internationally famous.

Incidentally, at Sochi and Yalta I saw Red Army men and commanders on vacation, and I was amused to note the comments of tourists on the free and easy democracy existing between them. On one occasion I overheard an American reserve officer remark in astonishment, "Why, that Red Army man did not salute the officer!" In capitalist countries men in uniform must salute their superiors at all times, but in the Red Army the salute is required only when they are on duty. More than that, I found, as did every other tourist, the freest camaraderie among men and commanders at all times, from the dance floors of Moscow cafes to the swimming beaches of the Black Sea.

Soviet citizens, when asked about the possibility of war, did not respond with the silly answer given in certain other countries, that "there will be no war." They rather expected war, for they know the nature of capitalist imperialism. But they were confident and calm. They were looking the capitalist world straight in the face, and soberly estimating and counterposing the contradictory currents of reaction in Europe. . . . A college boys' glee club, putting on impromptu skits on a Volga River passenger steamer, satirized Chamberlain and Daladier. The Soviet man in the street—as I could see from the thou-

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sands of people buying *Pravda,* and as I learned from numerous private conversations —ponders international politics and wonders a little at the needless intricacies that impede the settlement of really simple problems. But he understands, well enough, the purposes of fascism, the greed of imperialism. He knows what's what, and he is quite ready to defend socialism. OAKLEY JOHNSON.

## Finnish Democracy

LAURI MANNINEN was at sea on the *S.S. Wilja,* bound from Helsinki to New York, when the news came of the Finnish hostilities. He listened over his little radio to the first reports from Moscow during his three-hour rest periods. A fireman on the boats of the Marihoolto Oy works six hours, then rests three, around the clock, day in, day out. The chief engineer overheard Lauri's radio so he burned it. As soon as war came the officers on the *Wilja* assumed their status as Finnish naval officers and there was no talking back to them.

When the *Wilja* berthed at the Bethlehem Steel shipyards in Brooklyn, Lauri Manninen was haled before Capt. Martin Bjorkroth and forced to surrender his Finnish passport, his papers, his seaman's certificate, and his visas to five countries. The captain took him below and forced him to open his locker. Copies of the Moscow *Daily News,* the *Daily Worker,* and NEW MASSES were carried to the upper deck and Lauri was forced to touch the match to them. "That's the way we'll burn Moscow," said an officer. "You cannot hide the truth, even by fire," said Lauri, quoting a Finnish proverb. Then he was thrown off the boat, without the pay that was due him.

Lauri Manninen went to the Finnish Workers Club, found an interpreter, and looked up a lawyer. The lawyer took him to the Finnish consulate. The consul was genial. He talked amiably to Lauri in Finnish. The lawyer heard the consul say the word *Communisti.* Lauri nodded, and the next thing the lawyer knew the large vice consul was pushing him out of the office. A secretary outside explained that the lawyer had no rights here; this was sacred Finnish soil.

But Lauri followed his lawyer, explaining in broken English that the consul would deliver him back to the ship where he would be dumped overboard at the first opportunity.

A summons was taken out for recovery of Lauri's papers, without which he could not leave the country with a Greek boat on which he had been offered a job. The watchman at the Bethlehem pier would not allow the lawyer on the property and a squad car full of cops couldn't help. Officers were holding the crew incommunicado. The rumor went that the *Wilja* was being loaded with munitions and the officers were making sure that the crew did not jump ship. A National Maritime Union brother is putting Lauri up on his hardwon compensation money. The papers are full of inspiring stories of Finnish democracy.

JAMES DUGAN.

# I'm Going, I Said . . .

### Meridel LeSueur contributes a short story concerning a heroic character.

I GOT out of there the week after Easter. An outside doctor came to see me, for the Workers Alliance, and he wrote on the report that I had "malnutrition," and sent me to the relief station with an order for special food and cod liver oil and something with iron in it. He said, you have to have lots of things for the bones of babies, and he said, now you stick up for yourself and see that you get it, you've got someone else besides yourself to think of now.

I sat for two days in the relief office and each time they told me to come back tomorrow. Clara had a special order too because she was very bad now. Amelia had been picking berries and that was over now and they were going to cut relief. They took Butch's mother to the state insane asylum so that was one less mouth to feed. Clara said her prayers nearly all the time and I read to her out of the Bible. She liked to hear it. She liked to hear about God who loved her special, all the time. When I read, in my house are many mansions, she said she was going to furnish her whole house in rose and gold and she was going to have a cow and chickens. If you have some chickens, she said, you can always have eggs and eggs are very good for you.

Amelia listened and looked out the window and walked back and forth looking at us with a kind of anger. She's happy, Amelia said to me, it makes her happy dying like that with a filthy rotten disease and the blood half gone out of her from abortions, and if it does her any good now to think God loves her and she's going to heaven—but Oh, she cried, we don't rot at the bottom, covered with slime and filth, for nothing. It's a rich sweet soil we make, she laughed patting me on the cheeks, don't look so sad. It's a great day coming! She began to sing.

I'm going to get a committee, she said later, and go for you and Clara. I begged her not to do that because then they would get mad and we wouldn't get a thing. What do you get now? Amelia said. I know, I said, but if we get them mad then they can cut you off. Amelia said, you're crazy, that's the only way to get it. They won't *give* you anything.

I was scared they would get mad at me and then I wouldn't get a crumb. I tried to make her promise that morning but she wouldn't promise. She gave me two pamphlets and she said, you read this, dearheart, you read this.

What good is it to read? I said. Reading won't help you make a baby.

Oh yes, sure it does, she cried, putting on her white collar getting ready to go out. She always dressed up so neat. She always found some little doo-dad to make herself neat. Her strong knotted fingers tacked on the collar. You are sad now, she said, I used to weep for love too and now I weep for all.

I watched her. We could hear Clara breathing on the bed. It was a hot summer.

Yes, Amelia said, no one is alone. The way I feel it, no one is alone. Some face shines upon every face, *nu?* Yes, now you think you suffer, and *lubchick* you do suffer, it is true. But no more than others. You see? We must all learn to teach each other. Now look, while you are sitting on the street car, while you are waiting, you can read this, and this other one you will give to someone, yes?

She put them in my hand. What's to be done? it said in big type.

I helped her lift her heavy satchel and put it over her shoulder. What have you got in there? I said, it's very heavy.

Oh yes, she laughed, her eyes disappearing in the heavy wrinkles, it is heavier than you think. That there is litrachur. She pronounced the word very careful.

It was an oilskin bag so it could be carried in the rain. She strapped it on one shoulder so it hung heavy from one side. It made her whole body slant.

I leaned over the bannisters and I could see the top of her black hat with the net around it. She looked up and waved and I saw her step off the bottom stairs in her tight old-fashioned jacket and her skirts belling around her black shoes.

I walked out on the streets that were black and wet and warm. People were going home to supper. I came up St. Peter Street and men were sitting in Rice Park.

I walked up Third. A star was shining over the river. Butch always said that was the Irish star O'Rion. I thought it was spelled like that for a long time. Butch always said I didn't know a joke when I saw one. It is a bright star.

I passed the German Village and crossed the street, then I crossed back and went into the German Village. There was nobody there but a bartender I didn't know, reading the evening paper.

I said, I just want to sit down. I'll order something later.

He said, okay, sister, and put his fat head back into the paper.

They hadn't turned on the ceiling lights. I sat there. It was very clean now. Cleaner than we used to keep it. It was very quiet and very clean and I couldn't see the bartender, only the knuckles of his hand holding the paper.

I opened my pocketbook and looked at my face and took out the pamphlet Amelia had given me. I began reading. Sometimes reading just anything is better than thinking. What's

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to be done? it was called. I read it easy. It seemed to sink into me easy.

I kept on reading and after a while the bartender turned on the ceiling lights and I saw there were four men drinking at the bar. They were very drunk and they sang sometimes and it seemed one man had to catch a bus for Milwaukee that evening at eight o'clock and he said he was 150 percent American. He said he was 50 percent Irish, 50 percent Farmer-Labor, and 50 percent CIO. They all laughed a lot at him and had another round and another said, not a girl in sight.

Why, said the one going to Milwaukee, who was the best one, there's as pretty a jane as you'd want to set eyes on.

They all looked at me.

A bookworm, one of them said.

The nice one came over, not very straight, and he said, girl, what are you reading?

It's called, What's to be done?

Holy mackerel, he said, now that's a question that ought to be on the agenda.

They all came over and stood with their arms around him and they were all swaying together so I thought it was me that was drunk. They all looked in the pamphlet.

Say, the good one said, now that's something I've got to do. I've got to catch up on my reading. I been waiting till I had time. Oh, I'm a busy man. I'm going to catch up on my reading someday soon.

Boy, said one of them, will that be a day!

That will be a day!

Yeah, man!

Well, the little girl here is sure doing her stuff. She's sure doing her reading. Hey! bartender, why don't you give her some light? Yessir, she'll have to do the reading for all of us. Will you do my reading for me?

All right, I said. I kind of liked him. You better read for yourself though.

Well, there's a lot of things I'd want to know. What's going to happen? Are we going to war? How you going to live? When's it going to stop? If you find out any of that in your reading, sister, drop me a line will ya? Well, you can't believe a God damn thing you read in the paper, that's a cinch, another said, come on and have a drink before we pour you on the bus.

It's stinking, another one said. I always read the paper and then I go by the opposite.

That's about it.

Well, said the good one, I'd like to do me some good reading that told about it. What does it say, sister?

Leave her alone. You're bothering her. You got to catch a bus.

Well, shut up, maybe she'll tell me something.

He was going to sit down beside me but the others began pushing him towards the door.

My address, the good one shouted from the door, is Palladium Building, Milwaukee, Wis. I know a lot of influential people there but they don't tell me a thing.

They all went out the door.

## Discharged Soldier

I'll never go back to the barracks,
I'm free in the streets and the plazas,
Once more I'm Pedro Cortès!

I'm lord of my body again,
Away with the guards and the guard-room,
I'm done with tunic and gun.

I can run, I can run to my village
And holler to all who can hear me:
Hurrah, I'm Pedro Cortes!

I can work in the field in the sunshine
In the acres awaiting my tillage
And dig my plow in the soil.

Oh to be a civilian again;
To dandle the babies, to kiss all the ladies,
To laugh and tumble and sing!

I'll never go back to the barracks,
I'm free in the streets and the plazas,
Once more I'm Pedro Cortes!

NICHOLAS GUILLEN
*Translated by H. R. Hays*

Are you ready to order? the bartender said.

I've changed my mind, I said, I've got to hurry.

When I opened the door to our hall I knew something was wrong. I saw a woman running up the stairs and I heard someone crying. Women were talking in the hall. I went upstairs pulling the light strings and on the top hall I met Amelia coming down the hall, her hands on her head.

What is it? I ran close to her. What has happened?

Clara is dead, she cried. Oh the God damn lousy bastards!

Who, I cried, and ran into the room. There was no light and I saw Clara on the bed. I ran back to Amelia and she sat down in the rocker and took me in her arms and rocked. You could hear the women running and whispering and crying in the halls and sometimes there was a knock on the door and Amelia would say, what is it, friends? And someone would say they were leaving something beside the door. And Amelia would say, thank you, friends, you are good people. You are good.

Where are those to rejoice, she cried, rocking. Who can be happy? Who can be fed? All look alike. Hunger has the same face, *lubchick*.

Who does it? I said, clinging to her arms.

They do it, she said, for the sake of what they own, that's it, to keep the wood of their own house safe, for this, they will grind out everyone, destroy the whole world like beasts.

Who cares about any of us? I cried.

Oh, this life of fear and hatred, she said, so much fear and dread and sorrow.

They didn't care if she died, I said.

No, she says, they didn't.

Who cared if Clara had a name and not a number, about her bones, the blood in her, the way she walked? Who cares about any of us?

I care, Amelia said.

Who else? I cried out to her.

All, she says, all that knew what she knew. All that feel the same together.

She said, a new heart is growing, *lubchick*. You have to give your life, your heart. You have to have a living heart in you, a feeling for all. Oh, we must take delight in each other. Be a star. If I see in the paper, she says, that a woman in Spain has lost everything, and I see her standing by a tub of water in her ruined house I know the same thing she does. She is me standing there. All are near to us now. A new heart is growing.

Yes, she said, getting up and putting me in the chair, they will destroy the whole world like beasts. She put on her good shoes and changed her waist. She was always so clean and neat. And she lit the lamp and put a white collar on her dress and then she pulled the sheet over Clara's face.

It is only in us, she said, a new heart is growing.

When she was through she said, you will have to come down now with us where they are together.

I said, now?

Yes, she said, now of course.

Who is together? I said.

Why the workers, she said.

I sat there and she stood in the dark room looking at me. I could see her white clean collar and the sheet over Clara's face.

I'm going, I said.

MERIDEL LESUEUR.

## Franco's Sword

A VICTORY sword is being fashioned for General Franco. "Popular" conscriptions from each province in Spain will contribute to its cost, estimated at 10,000,000 pesetas. Made of solid gold throughout, weighing approximately six and one-half pounds, it will be kept in a silver urn resting on four ivory supports. The hilt, resembling three thistle leaves, will be embedded with 2,279 diamonds and other gems, among them thirty-one emeralds and 320 sapphires. Engravings will include the Spanish imperial coat of arms, St. Ferdinand's Cross, the Nationalist Flag, and an enamel reproduction of one of the Caudillo's latest decrees.

The sword is modeled on the famous weapon belonging to Spain's medieval knight-errant, El Cid Campeador. But one thing has been overlooked: El Cid won his fame in battle against the infidels, particularly the Moors. Franco won his sword battling against Spanish Christians, with the help of Aryan infidels and the Moors.

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# He Dies in China

## Dr. Norman Bethune, heroic Canadian doctor, died while New Masses was setting these pages from his diary.

We went up the east bank of the Fen River. Two ranges of mountains accompanied us, one on each side. This is the "loess" country. These loess are curious low hills or mountains of light brownish-ochre sand. The hills are cut in terraces which rise, one after the other, as regular as a staircase. I thought at first these terraces must have been made by man, so regular are they, but when one sees them for hundreds of miles, and often far from human habitation, one realizes that they are a natural formation. We traveled very slowly. The weather was fine and warm with a clear blue sky. At every station there were vendors of food, hot millet soup, noodles, tea, friedhard, wheatrolls, steamed buns, and hardboiled eggs. Many trains were coming down, packed with refugees, sitting on the tops of the carriages, on the engine, anywhere to have a foothold. The river on our left looked very low. Thousands of ducks flew overhead. The land was parched, practically treeless except for a few low cedars.

When we arrived at Linfen, we learned for the first time that the Japanese were only a short distance away and the city was being evacuated. The station itself was jammed with humanity—civilians, men, women, and children, carrying all they possessed, their bedding, rolls, a few pots and pans; wounded soldiers, arms, legs, and heads wrapped in bloody, dusty bandages. The flat cars were loaded with mules, rice, and munitions. At four o'clock the Japanese bombers came over and machine-gunned us. We took to the trenches dug in the sand about the station. Only four men were wounded. The headquarters of the army had been moved and no one seemed to know where.

### FOUR MEN WOUNDED

After passing down the line, a bomber turned and flew back to the head, then dived to only two hundred feet above us and dropped four bombs on the leading section. His aim was so bad that he missed the leading carts by fifty feet. I would be willing to bet that, had I been in the plane, I could have hit those carts with a baseball. As a matter of fact, he was as close to us, lying out in the field, as he was to his target. After bombing the leading carts he returned and repeated the performance on the last section with another four bombs. Here his aim was a little better; the bombs dropped about twenty feet away. A correspondent with us, Jean Ewen, had a narrow escape; a soldier lying beside her got a piece of bomb in his back and the driver a fractured arm. These three were lying on the ground 150 feet away from the carts. The bombs explode immediately on striking and make only a small hole in the ground. In this way they are more effective, as the steel sprays out flatly instead of burying itself in the ground. On the legs of the mules and horses were wounds reaching no higher than two feet from the ground, which were received at a distance of a hundred feet away. One is really not safe except in a trench. Our total casualties were fifteen mules killed and an additional twelve wounded. Three of the wounded had to be shot. Four of our men were wounded. Jean Ewen showed great pluck under her first baptism of fire; immediately after the bomber had passed she started to dress the wounded and arrange for their transportation to the nearest village a quarter of a mile away. By the time I had walked from the head of the line to the rear where the men had been wounded, she had applied dressings to the most serious ones.

The wounded driver was only concerned about his mules, and wept to hear that all three had been killed. Our commander paid promptly for the killed animals—$100 each (a Chinese dollar is about 30 cents). No wonder the peasants welcome them—this is one army that does not take advantage of the poor and defenseless.

As I walked along before the carts, I saw a lad ahead of me stopping to rest now and then. On coming abreast of him I noticed that he was very short of breath. He was only seventeen. There was a large, old, dark bloodstain on the front of his faded blue jacket. I stopped him. He had been shot through the lung a week previously. There was no dressing on a badly suppurating wound of the upper right anterior chest wall. The bullet had gone through the lung and come out at the back. There was fluid in the pleural cavity up as high as the third rib in front. The heart was displaced three inches to the left. The boy had been walking in this condition for a week. If I had not seen it myself I would not have believed it possible. We put him up on our cart, where he lay coughing painfully as the mule cart moved slowly along over the rough road, enveloped in clouds of dust. We made only twenty miles that day.

At five we were awake, to a cold overcast dawn. There were only four junks. It would take four days to carry us all over. We heard that the Japanese were only ten miles away. The Chinese officer in charge of the ferry put us on the first junk to leave the bank. The boat was about fifty feet long and twenty-five feet wide. There were a hundred on board with field artillery, mules, and baggage. As we were swept downstream we saw that the wounded (about a thousand of them) were being collected in one spot and sent over first. We went down with the current for half a mile, then with long sweeps managed to get out of the main stream. A naked boy leaped overboard and, with a pole-anchor, slowed down our progress. Then the men on the sweep slowly maneuvered us to the bank assisted by a backwash current behind a bend. Many troops were on the west bank, which was to be strongly fortified with good trenches dugouts. There were several batteries of field guns. The troops looked good: a sense of order, discipline, efficiency; machine guns on mule back; troops in dusty-faded uniforms the color of the soil which has stained them for months; equipment good; many automatic rifles, both light and heavy machine guns stick hand grenades.

We marched to a nearby village and occupied a deserted house. Two cans of chipped beef were opened for our midday meal. The last sight I remember as we crossed the river was the great red horse belonging to General Chu Teh, which he had loaned to Captain Carlson, the United States military attache who had been inspecting the north Shansi front some time ago. Carlson rode the horse down and it had been left in charge of our commander to return to Chu Teh, who was reported to be very fond of it. It had been captured from the Japanese and was a grand, big animal with a fine red color. We heard that the Japanese were in Ho-Chin, the city we left the day before. Well, we beat them to it!

### CAVE SHELTER

We moved into a cave that night, much more comfortable than a house. I dressed many wounded men. Have seen no army doctors. Two of our men left to get mules and carts. A cold night with two inches of snow the next morning on the ground. We pitied the poor troops lying out on the ground without protection. Our cave was fine and warm. Nothing to eat in the village but millet.

In the morning the Japanese artillery arrived on the opposite bank and shelled the west bank all day, the noise of the [illegible] echoing back and forth between the mountains. Our guns replied. This went on for three days. A Japanese shell blew the top off a house three hundred feet away, but they couldn't hurt us in our cave, which was dug in the side of a hill and forty feet underground.

We found a supply of drugs: bottles of tincture of camphor compound, digitalis, adrenalin, silk sutures, syringes, ampules of cocaine.

At last we set off for Sian on foot—225 miles away. It was a fine warm day, and the country looked very well with the wheat up about four inches. Shansi, which is denuded of trees, never looked as good and prosperous as this province, which is more fertile (at least in the southern part) and with many more trees. We kept to the left of Yellow River. Lee, a former rickshaw man in Shanghai, arrived at Hancheng comparatively fresh. He has legs like trees. He is a splendid chap about thirty-two years of age and was on the Great Trek, so that a mere twenty-five miles a day is nothing. The only English he knows is "Damned fool!"

NORMAN BETHUNE.

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# A Star Is Reborn

## Biographical notes on a celebrated thespian of a bygone era and his attempted comeback.

A FEW months ago a friend asked me if Herbert Hoover was still alive. I told him I didn't know. We asked several other people and they were uncertain. One man thought we were working for Dr. Gallup and voted no. It is evident now that we will all have to reconsider. The famous live puppet of London's City Street and our Wall Street from 1914 to 1933 is again on exhibition. The show is called *Let's Help Finland!*

The appearance of Mr. Hoover is a little baffling to some because it is known that F. D. Roosevelt had himself expected to star in *Let's Help Baron Mannerheim!,* a play very similar to *Let's Help Finland!* In fact, it is the same play. The producers are also the same, City-Wall Street, with France's Two Hundred Families as incidental underwriters. Hoover and Roosevelt are, on the face of it, competing for the role of star in this production. Hoover's claim to top billing is that he played it in the original 1918 version. The truth is, however, that although the two stars have exchanged cool glances over such trifles as camera angles, City-Wall Street has the idea of starring them both.

In addition to starring in *Let's Help Churchill!* in 1914-18, Herbert Hoover starred in *Let's Invade Russia!* in 1919-20, an extravaganza backed to the extent of $100,000,000 out of the pockets of American taxpayers.

Hoover, besides being an actor, has had a successful career as a mining promoter, at one time operating Romanov properties in Russia that covered as much land as half the state of Maryland and exploiting 75,000 serfs. His company, the Russo-Asiatic Consolidated, filed a claim of $280,000,000 with the British government against Soviet Russia for properties expropriated in behalf of the people. Mr. Hoover never recovered from this. It noticeably affected his acting in his last play, which ran from 1928 to 1932, and was vaguely entitled *The Great Engineer.*

Herbert Hoover was not exactly a hit in *The Great Engineer.* At the close of the show, on March 4, 1933, he did not even appear for a curtain call. He was being chased around the block by the American people, unanimously. Since then Hoover has been seen only occasionally, at the Waldorf-Astoria and in the vicinity of his estate at Palo Alto, Cal., where he is sometimes lovingly referred to as "The Corpse of Palo Alto."

Mr. Landon, who—some of you may remember—ran for President of the United States in 1936, almost visited Palo Alto at that time, but he thought better of it. If he had visited Palo Alto, he would have lost Maine and Vermont.

Mr. Hoover, in his previews of the play *Let's Help Finland!* has been very popularly received by people who really count, such as bankers and Countess Folke Bernadotte, the former Estelle Manville. I am still waiting to hear from Tommy Manville but I understand that his party occupied a box at Madison Square Garden at the showing there recently. The fact that the Garden was only about half filled should not be taken as a reflection on Hoover the actor, necessarily. The supply of bankers and White Guards in America is limited. Matthew Woll spoke and this could hardly be classified as an attraction. However, Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke alone occupied fifty seats, and Mrs. Benjamin Rogers is quoted as saying, "I bought a ticket for my Finnish maid." Mrs. Rogers' maid was not asked whether she cared to attend. It was her Christmas present.

OSRO MIST.

Soriano

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# NEW MASSES

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★

## *The Light Fantastic*

BIG BERTHAS were turned on the American people last week. Unprecedented cannonade in the American press attempted to break down the growing skepticism over Finnish military wonders. Desperate front-page efforts continued to sever the line of popular resistance to the anti-Soviet hysteria. As the old year burped to its close, the newspapers gave way to complete abandon; ordinarily credulous citizens shook their heads in disbelief. Fantastic ski-adventures were reported, always without confirmation; raids into Soviet soil garnered big type; Soviet aviators were announced bombing their own troops; the ancient saw about mutinies in the Russian rear zoomed across the front pages. The coup de grace was a particularly blood-curdling tale that a full division of Soviet soldiers had been "cut to pieces" at Lake Kianta above Suomussalmi on the central front. So frivolous had the press become that Irving Pflaum, writing for the Chicago *Daily Times,* on December 28, remarked: "These stories more often than not bear a dateline some hundreds of miles from the crash of bombs and daring encounters. Copenhagen is offender No. 1, with Oslo, Stockholm, Paris, and London all guilty of fostering rumors as well as fact. Sooner than most readers have been encouraged to believe," says Mr. Pflaum, "the Russians are going to spoil the pretty picture now being concocted in certain journalistic centers."

## *Intervention Increases*

WIDELY separated events tell how the wind is blowing. Early in the week, Britain and Sweden reached an economic accord. Ordinarily that would signify only that Sweden becomes more enmeshed than ever in the Allied orbit; in the new circumstances, however, Sweden is clearly the major instrument for prolonging Finnish resistance. Britain was reported supplying Sweden with oil to make up for the latter's shipments to Helsinki; Daladier openly boasted in the Chamber of Deputies that France was helping Finland. As many as fifty thousand Swedish troops, equal to three divisions, were reported reaching Finnish soil. The Swedish population was placed under virtual martial law; Fritjof Lager, editor of the Communist *Ny Dag,* was thrown into jail in Stockholm for republishing an article from *Pravda.* From Helsinki, Kyosti Kallio again appealed for immediate help against the Soviet Union, for the first time announcing the presence of foreign "volunteers" and calling for more.

Moscow military communiques reported little significant activity. The Finns admitted that the Red Army had crossed Lake Suvanto on the Karelian Isthmus, indicating another incision in the Mannerheim line. Preparations seem to be under way for major offensives on all fronts. General Meretskov, after being reported in the crystal-gazing press as removed from his post, was the next day admitted to be still in command of the Soviet forces operating on the Karelian Isthmus and in the Lake Ladoga regions. Moreover, he has been elected a member of the Leningrad Soviet. The Soviet airforce carried out operations several times; the bombardment of the coastal town of Abo confirms the fact that materials of war were arriving in some quantity from Scandinavian routes. Moscow reimposed a censorship that had been lifted early last spring; apparently the Soviet Union wishes to curb the flow of distortions that are being fed the public abroad by irresponsible journalists. In Washington, Finnish military attaches continued to arrange for the purchase of American artillery; Herbert Hoover again demanded that the whole of the $8,400,000 "war debt" be made available for Finnish military supplies.

## *Ships and Belts*

POLITICIANS thrive on the short memory span of the people. Only three months ago, the Neutrality Act was heralded as a remarkable demonstration of self-denial: by keeping our ships out of the war zone, the chances of America's entering the war were presumably minimized. Then came the "incomplete pass to Panama." Although NEW MASSES for November 28 presented evidence to prove the President's knowledge of the proposed shift of freighters to Panama registry, in public memory he remains the upholder of the "letter and spirit" of the Neutrality Act.

Now the Maritime Commission is being asked to approve the transfer of eight American ships to Norwegian registry. The word "sale" is used instead of "transfer"; but no information has come of that mysterious Norwegian corporation which wishes to buy our merchant marine. While this issue lies on Mr. Hull's desk, the failure of legislated neutrality is further demonstrated by the Allies' refusal to recognize, or abide by, the Pan-American neutrality belt. Preventing our ships from sailing the mine-bound seas was going to keep us away from the war; drawing the neutrality belt around our shores would keep the war away from us. Yet the Allies never recognized that zone. They display their gratitude for the lifting of the embargo by sending their destroyers along American coasts. When the United States in concert with Latin-American nations protested such violations as the *Graf Spee* and other incidents disclosed, the Allies declined the protest on the grounds that the belt is unenforceable. Indeed, Republican Congressman Maas of Massachusetts even proposes to build a super-navy to patrol the unpatrollable!

Below the Rio Grande, people suspect that the whole idea of a belt is simply part of the pressure which Washington exerts on Latin-American countries for ulterior ends. No thunder is being heard from the White House against the Allies. Tacitly, the President acknowledges what he does not acknowledge openly to the country: that legislated neutrality has no meaning. Our danger of getting into this war has little to do with ships or belts. It arises out of the basic class impetus by which American capitalism seeks to solve its insoluble domestic problems. Foreign policy is always the reflex of domestic policy. Only by popular struggle against each manifestation of the war drive in every phase of domestic affairs can the orientation of our foreign policy be deflected from preparations for war.

## *What Price Patriotism?*

REPORTS from Copenhagen indicate that France and Germany are exchanging war materials. Only a steady supply of German coal for Belgium, it seems, will enable the French steel industry to receive its four million tons of Belgium coal, contracted for before September. The poilu will be killed by cartridges manufactured in Germany with the help of France; the German soldier will be glad to hear that Ruhr coke supplies the French plants that manufacture shrapnel for his own destruction. Information of this corroborates previous reports of trade with the enemy. On November 22, the New York *Times* revealed that the Bank of England was accepting German collateral for loans to British business men. It will be remembered that up to the outbreak of war, Germany was securing from France, Britain, and their empires 26 percent of her iron, 33 percent of her lead, 50 percent of her chromium, 63 percent of her copper, 61 percent of her manganese, 94 percent of her nickel, 60 percent of her zinc, and 52 percent of her rubber. The Allies are blockading Germany; but where are they disposing of goods which Germany absorbed from them the day before war was declared?

There is an ethical question here. But it concerns us not because of any illusions about the morality of international capitalism. The sonorous preachers, the high-toned pillars of society long ago convinced us that they abide by no absolute morality that cannot be nullified by the iron law of profit. But we were interested to see how the druid elders of Western civilization would explain such matters to their lay audience. Sure enough the virtuous New York *Times* ventured forth to say in its editorial of December 27:

> Although the thought of such trade between belligerents, especially in the sinews of war itself,

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is repugnant, the ethical point involved is subtle. If the war itself is to be waged, the direct or indirect exchange of certain goods between the belligerents may sometimes be a logical corollary to its effectiveness.

What is involved here is the duality of ethics under capitalism. For itself the *Times* finds trading with the enemy logical and necessary. But suppose the people took this morality to themselves? Suppose they "traded with the enemy" in their own way? The *Times,* and everything it represents, would consider this mutiny, punishable by court martial, by death. Profit is apparently governed by laws of its own, and this is indeed our point. Opposition to the war becomes treason, yet trading with the enemy is sanctified by the war itself. This is treason of an exclusive sort in which only true patriots may indulge!

## *Fighting the German People*

HISTORY has a way of imposing a logic tighter than any the strictest logicians conceive of. NEW MASSES has been saying over and over that when liberals or Socialists support the imperialist war on the ground that it is fighting fascism, they are serving as dupes of the reactionary rulers who control the war machine in all capitalist countries. We must now plead guilty to understatement. We had not realized that support of the war could lead so quickly to the corrosion of every vestige of liberalism. In Boston the other day Lord Marley, Labor Party whip in the British House of Lords, told the press that "the German *people* must be made to 'take the count'; they have made a nuisance themselves for twenty centuries." And in December 23 issue of the *Nation* Robert Dell goes even further. Mr. Dell is not only a well known foreign correspondent, but has been a member of the French Socialist Party. His article reeks of aggressive imperialism and totalitarian contempt for the German people, surpassing anything which the most rabid British tory has yet dared express.

"This is not an imperialist war on the part of the Allies . . ." Mr. Dell assures us. "This is a people's war," though he admits that "There is no enthusiasm for the war in England and France." He then demands that no peace negotiations take place until Germany has been "reduced to impotence." "The fundamental error of the peace treaties of 1919 was that they broke up Austria-Hungary and left Germany intact except for a certain diminution of territory, whereas they should have done strictly the contrary. . . . We must now reverse the process of 1919 by restoring Austria and breaking up Germany."

To justify this, Dell refurbishes the ancient myth about the inferior and barbaric character of the German people:

> Among the chief German national characteristics are an inferiority complex, a craving for a fuehrer, and an abnormal lack of common sense, which means a lack of political sense. . . .
>
> When the German sheep were split up into little flocks with inoffensive little fuehrers, they were harmless. When the sheep became united in a single flock, with a single bellwether, they became *moutons enrages.* Germany is a pathological case and needs pathological treatment. I do not say that the German people will never change, but it will take a long time to bring them to sanity and civilization.

Substitute another nation for Germany and these might be sentences out of *Mein Kampf.* It is racism, chauvinism, and imperialism run amok.

Dell concludes with a plea for a European federation, the favorite imperialist nostrum these days. In his federation the large countries would have twice the representation of the small and the Soviet Union would be definitely excluded: in other words, a European coalition against the USSR under Anglo-French domination. Dell adds: "It is possible that federation would have to be imposed on some countries as it had to be in America. The doctrine of self-determination, which was an exaggerated form of nationalism, has been one of the causes of the present deplorable conditions in Europe."

Here we have the real war aims of Chamberlain and Daladier (and Roosevelt?) without the mask of "anti-Hitlerism" and "defense of small nations." All this appears without editorial reservations in a supposedly liberal magazine.

## *End of the Bridges Case*

DEAN LANDIS' finding in the Harry Bridges case is an oasis of sanity in the desolation that has spread over American civil liberties. His report is based on the eight-thousand-page record of the eleven weeks of hearings last summer at which he acted as special Labor Department examiner. His conclusion, submitted to Secretary of Labor Perkins, is that "the evidence does not permit the finding that Harry R. Bridges is either a member of the Communist Party or affiliated with that party." In view of this, Dean Landis did not consider it necessary to pass on whether the Communist Party advocates overthrow of the government by force or violence.

Dean Landis' opinion should bring to an end the much-publicized Bridges case, which has added no luster to the Department of Labor. Deportation proceedings against the militant CIO leader were directly instigated by West Coast shipping interests. Officials of the Labor Department's Bureau of Immigration lent themselves to these anti-labor designs. They were egged on by a crescendo from Red-baiters and reactionaries of high and low degree, including the Dies committee, various AFL chiefs, Trotskyites, and Lovestonites. Dean Landis' finding is a rebuke to these anti-democratic forces.

Even if Bridges were a member of the Communist Party, there would be no grounds for deportation since the party does not advocate overthrow of the government by force or violence. By undertaking the prosecution of Bridges the Labor Department helped set the stage for new attacks on the foreign born and for the government's present anti-Communist drive.

## *The Students Meet*

FOR five years now, the Christmas convention of the American Student Union has come to be an augury of the new year. This past Christmas was far different from the last; every aspect of domestic and international affairs has been altered even in detail. Inaugurated in December 1935 as one of the leading united front organizations in the progressive movement, the stand of the Student Union on the pressing and controversial issues of the day has a symbolism that extends far beyond the campus gate. That is why the students' anti-war resolution is so encouraging. By a vote of 322 to forty-nine the convention, meeting at the University of Wisconsin, rejected criticism of the Soviet Union and declared that "in our opinion, the main danger to the peace of the United States arises from a search for super-profits and financial advantage by big business." Among other key planks in its major resolution, the convention called for legislative action to curb war-profiteering, for exposure of Allied war propaganda in the schools, for the extension rather than the curtailment of federal social services. Criticism was voiced of the increasing armaments expenditures in the federal budget; militarization of the youth through the War Department's control of the CCC, and the Civil Aeronautics Authority was opposed.

The election of new officers marks the passing of Joseph P. Lash from the leadership of the movement in which he has played a prominent part for some seven years. The post of executive secretary, which Lash had filled since the formation of the ASU, goes to Herbert Witt, of New York. In this there is perhaps a deeper significance than meets the eye. For it is altogether fitting that new and fresher forces emerge to meet the more difficult problems of the new decade.

## *What's That, Mr. Murphy?*

TO THE readers of NEW MASSES who have followed the remarkable series on Silver Charlie Coughlin and his cohorts and who have seen a copy of *Social Justice,* the flat statement of Attorney General Murphy last Thursday will come as a shock.

Attorney General Murphy told the press simply that he didn't consider Father Coughlin an anti-Semite, that he wasn't going to prosecute Father Coughlin and his organization, and that neither he nor his department had ever received a complaint about Coughlinites.

Such a callous about-face in defense of a racketeer whose sluggers have roamed the streets of almost every great American city and left their record of fascist attack upon the police blotters of New York, Chicago,

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Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit, etc., is but another indication of what has happened to the New Deal. Murphy has simply yielded to the pressure of the warmakers and is leading the attack upon the labor movement, particularly its most advanced section, the Communist Party. He is also going to protect the important reactionaries, anti-Semites, and those who foster war.

## *Can't Mention Lenin*

THE City Council of Cambridge, Mass., has passed an ordinance forbidding the circulation of any book, magazine, or newspaper which contains the words "Lenin" and "Leningrad." The press has been trying to laugh off the ordinance; it's just about as funny as a crutch. No doubt an exaggerated expression of the present drive against civil liberties in America, it is nevertheless an omen, whose pathological character merely serves to underline the implications of the attacks undertaken by the Dies committee and the Department of Justice. Politician Sullivan of Cambridge is, for the moment, unnecessarily indiscreet. He is an embarrassment to his superiors; they may decide to squelch him temporarily. But a disagreement over tactics should not obscure the similarity of objectives. The logical consequence of any attack on civil liberties is the straitjacketing of the American mind.

## *America's Joads*

NOT all the Joads are in California. The Cleveland Chapter of the American Association of Social Workers has found them in its city as well. The chapter's thirty-thousand-word report on conditions among the unemployed during the recent relief crisis in that city is a saga of horror. From November 15 to December 15, sixteen thousand single persons and childless couples were completely cut off relief and forty thousand others had their relief reduced to 5½ cents a meal per person. The association investigated 374 cases chosen at random. Hunger and disease were rampant, families were evicted from their homes, ten persons admitted that they had threatened suicide, sixteen were on the verge of mental breakdown. "Patients lived on oatmeal, graham flour, potatoes, and beans." Children in some cases were so weak from lack of food that they had to be taken out of school.

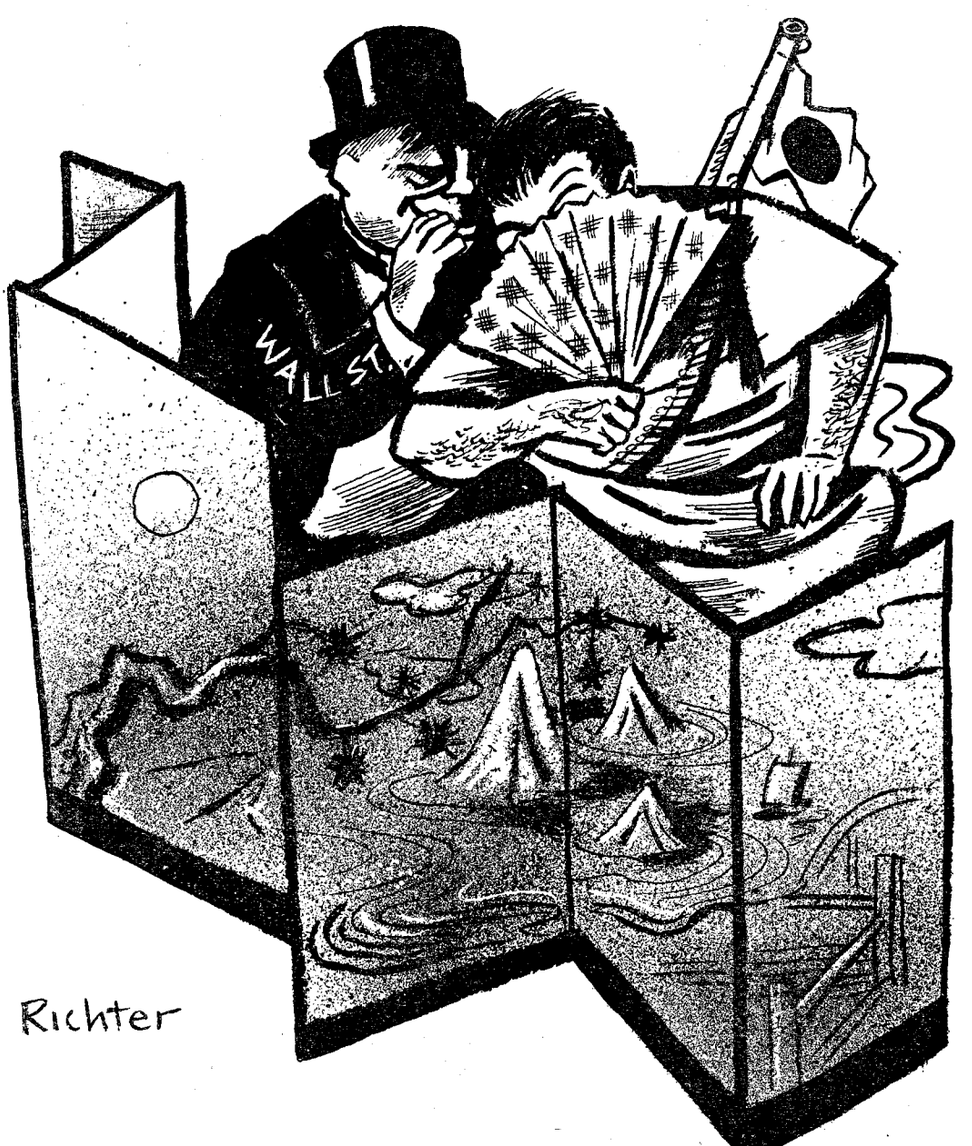
Under capitalism it is not a crime to starve the people. The rich also can sleep under bridges. But there is a huge guilt in the Ohio tragedy nonetheless. It lies not only with the Republican city and state administrations, which failed to provide necessary funds, but with the federal administration at Washington, which has broken its promise of WPA jobs to all employables and is cooperating with the reactionaries in further reductions of WPA rolls. President Roosevelt's statement about setting up army soup kitchens in Ohio emphasizes how fast we are moving back to the Hoover days. And Hoover himself, with the administration's blessing, is raising funds for Finnish "relief"—guns, planes, etc.—while Ohio starves.

Ohio is a symptom of a spreading infection. A relief crisis of national proportions is in the making. The administration has refused to ask Congress for a deficiency appropriation and, according to reports, will request only $1,000,000,000 for WPA for the next fiscal year. The welfare of the unemployed, as well as of the entire people, is being sacrificed to feed the war machine. The CIO and the Workers Alliance have proposed expansion of WPA rolls from the present two million to a minimum of three million and a substantial increase in funds for the National Youth Administration. The Joads of America want bread, not guns.

## *Groan With the Wind*

THE chronic innocents who consider *Gone With the Wind* a harmless little courtesy to the Old South might consider the fact that the picture has commanded more newsprint than all the symptoms of national crisis put together. When the picture critic of NEW MASSES can make metropolitan front pages with the news that he didn't like the film, there is something afoot indeed, and not just solicitude for his opinions. The ballyhoo itself is illustrated by the 72-point banner headline in the Atlanta *Constitution,* "ATLANTA GREETS FLASHING-EYED 'SCARLETT,'" and the fact that the picture twice made the front page of the New York *Times.*

In its dual role of diverting the mass mind from the war plot and cramming down a huge lie about the Civil War and Reconstruction, the picture has been aided nobly by the bought press—this despite the fact that the public is not nearly filling the two theaters in which it is playing in New York. The Whitney interests have to get back an impossible $7,000,000 to break even, but they will dry their tears cheerfully if the movie helps break the growing unity of white and Negro labor. *Gone With the Wind* has been blandly swallowed by the *Nation,* a magazine founded three-quarters of a century ago by the great Abolitionist William Lloyd Garrison. The battle against this degenerate film needs fighters. Will everyone who hates racism and chattel slavery please step forward?




Mischa Richter

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# Readers' Forum

## Answering Ralph Bates

TO NEW MASSES: Ralph Bates, according to his article in the *New Republic* (December 13), has taken a "flying jump off the train." He had thought the train was bound "for a fertile place in the sun." But suddenly something happened. It terrified him. He couldn't wait to reach a station.

Ralph Bates regrets the loss of "the affection and respect of so many friends." He is nervously afraid that "they'll take a shot at him from the compartments behind as they clatter by." I knew Ralph well, but he may rest easy. I'm not a bad shot, but I'll limit myself to throwing some light on the reasons for Ralph's leap.

I met him on the Jarama front one evening in May 1937. As I read his wretched attempt at rationalization in the *New Republic,* I thought of that evening. He had come up to make us a speech. The boys were on the damp ground, sitting cross-legged in a semi-circle under the olive trees. Bates made an impassioned speech. Overhead the bullets whizzed. No one looked up; we were too absorbed.

What was it you said that night, Ralph? Do you remember? You were speaking on "How to Win the War—the Eight-Point Program of the Communist Party of Spain." You thrilled us with your description of how the party had rallied the people to defend Madrid against fascist invasion. Yes, that night you called it fascist invasion, although now you call it "civil war." Do you remember how you described the role of the POUM? You called them "reactionaries, leftists, agents of Franco." "Their program of forceful collectivization will antagonize the land-hungry peasantry; they are responsible for the Barcelona uprising in which eight hundred people have been killed and 2,800 wounded. They have withheld guns and equipment intended for the front and used it against our people; they must be stopped at all costs, or they will bring defeat to our side."

Do you remember those words? Were you forced then by the "theological bitterness of the Communists against the POUM," which you infer in your article contributed to the defeat of Spain, to say these things?

I was very much impressed with you that night. I knew very little about you. I had heard you were an Englishman, a writer of books on Spain, an intellectual. I knew nothing of your political background. I took it for granted you were a liberal who had come over to our side in the struggle against Franco. The fact that you had come up to the front to speak to us heightened the picture. I did not get back to the rear often, and couldn't get to see you very frequently, but I always had great admiration and a warm regard for you. Towards the end, I began to hear things which I tended to disregard. It is relevant to mention only that in those days you liked very much to make people think that when Bates spoke, it was the Communist Party speaking.

Now you no longer have such ambitions. Quite the contrary. You are suddenly anxious to create an entirely different impression. You undertake an indictment of the program and integrity of the Comintern and of the Soviet Union; you presume to teach "the socialist way to teach socialism, the Communist way to teach Communism," even the "liberal way to teach liberalism"; yet you deliberately avoid stating who it is that dishes out this advice. Why don't you declare yourself *now?* Why do you now try to take cover behind the smokescreen of "democrats, liberals, radicals, and revolutionaries"?

Don't you think it would have helped your readers to properly evaluate the opinions you express in your first political opus, had you told them frankly that you had been an anarchist for many years, that as far back as 1934 you smuggled arms to the anarchists in Spain, and that you were a member of the Spanish Anarcho-Syndicalists? That would have been the honest way. Why do you choose suddenly to create the impression that you have always been a liberal defender of democracy?

I know that you could not have become convinced overnight that the bourgeoisie has no designs upon the Soviet Union. I'm quite sure you're not ready to say that. Not yet. But you have gone far enough to say, "Germany is the only country which could have used Finland as a base of attack on the Soviet Union," when I know damn well that you know better. You are familiar with the role of England in Finland throughout all these years. For example, this bit from the London *Times* of April 1919: "The best approach to Petrograd is from the Baltic and the shortest and easiest route is through Finland. Finland is the key to Petrograd and Petrograd is the key to Moscow." As a reader of the British press, you are certainly familiar with this sort of thing, and as a man who has followed the crooked course of British imperialism, you must have been fully aware of the British plans and possibilities for the utilization of Finland.

Or let us take your remarks in connection with the "ruthless bombings of Helsinki." Ralph, have you got the face to try to tell people who know you that you really fall for stories in the capitalist press, or has Trotsky let you share his periscope in Mexico? No, you don't believe these things. I have heard you warn people too many times not to fall for capitalist press atrocities for me to swallow that. There must be some other reason why you peddle the "macabre gibberish" of that press.

"Who believes Finland was being primed for an imperialist war on Russia?" you ask.

Who believes it? Ralph Bates does! Everyone who knows you, knows that. We know it as well as we know that you are fully aware that the Finns did not build airdromes with accommodations for two thousand planes to provide *lebensraum* for their fleet of 250 planes. Talking about bombs, how can you, of all people, say that the Soviet Union is attempting with thermite bombs to force a change on people who showed no signs of wanting any change? "Although," you admit in the same breath, "land doubtless will be given to the Finnish peasantry and aid to the small bourgeoisie." Great Scott, don't you think that people have memories? Do you really expect to get away with that one? There may be some who will take you seriously, who will say as you want them to say, that this proves Ralph Bates is a "liberal." But what about the tens of thousands who have heard you plead from the platform for the lifting of the embargo, heard you cry over and over again that the loyalists must have bombs and equipment? Why did we need those bombs? Did we not intend to destroy railroad junctions, bridges, lines of communications, ports, and airdromes? Were we not doing all this to free the millions of Spaniards enslaved by Franco and his allies? Today the "free liberal" is opposed to smashing the enemy concentration. Today you repeat the words of Franco, Mussolini, and Hitler: "there are no signs that the people want a change."

To support your thesis, you talk now of "democratic Finland." You started on a bum trail when you flopped off the train, and see where it's leading. Can you look at me and tell me that you really don't know about the Finland of the Mannerheim butchers who drowned the socialist government in blood in 1918, who invaded Soviet Karelia in 1920? The Finland which ousted twenty-three elected deputies in 1930 and declared the Communist Party illegal? The "democracy" that has had leading revolutionaries rotting in its jails all these years? Ridiculous! I don't believe you're unaware of these things. You wrote the words "democratic Finland" with your tongue in your cheek, just as you wrote "a group of obscure leftists headed by a Comintern functionary becomes the Finnish people's government." Who does not know of Kuusinen, the greatest Finn of today—the man who was the outstanding leader of the Socialist Party of Finland in 1918, the man who was responsible, more than anybody else, for bringing about in Finland the first socialist majority obtained in any capitalist country? You know well how the Finnish workers love and revere Kuusinen. Of course you never believed the lie you echoed, that the Soviet Union is forcing some "obscure leftists and a Comintern functionary" on an unwilling Finnish people.

In Spain you made speeches in which you proved down to the last detail the guilt of the Trotsky saboteurs. Over and over again you expressed unbounded admiration for the manner in which the trials were conducted; for the service they rendered the revolutionary movement. Now you think it a smart crack to suggest to *Pravda* that it call the Russian aviators in Finland "Trotsky saboteurs seeking to discredit the regime."

The diabolically clever British ruling class has always known how to keep certain people in reserve. During the Munich crisis when Chamberlain and his Cabinet were discredited, they had their Eden, Duff Cooper, and Churchill to fall back on. Now that they have plunged the world into new horrors, they call up their Sheeans and, I am sorry to say, Ralph Bates, to help Lord Lothian "get every American to do his duty to the British empire."

We in the revolutionary movement want no man with us unless he is convinced down to his toes that he is serving the cause of humanity by marching in our ranks. When a man has doubts and honestly comes forward with them, we respect his opinions, make every effort to clarify him, and resolve our differences. If, however, despite frank and open discussion, despite our efforts, he leaves our movement but does not go over to the enemy, the door remains open. We continue to be friends.

But your case is altogether different. You were as close to me as you were to anyone in the movement. Yet you never expressed the slightest disagreement in principle, either to me or to anyone else. Your sudden reversal of everything you've said and written cannot be considered a political conversion. It doesn't happen that way. We are forced to look elsewhere for the explanation. In your desperate anxiety for personal glory, in your egotistical behavior, in your greed for a soft berth, in your cowardly desertion when the party is under fire and the going is getting rough, we find the answer.

Yes, you have lost the affection and respect of the friends you profess to admire. No one of us will regret your departure. To the men of the International Brigades who suffered and sacrificed for the things you now renounce, you are that most despicable of all people, a deserter.

New York City. STEVE NELSON.

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# The Novels of Jules Romains

## Edwin Berry Burgum analyzes the career of the French writer whose latest work reflects the point of view of the General Staff.

VERDUN, *by Jules Romains. Translated from the French by Gerard Hopkins. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.*

SINCE 1932 Jules Romains has been engaged in publishing installments of a novel that is already longer than Proust's monumental *Remembrance of Things Past*. Always a clever salesman, he seems to have deliberately challenged comparison with Proust in both literary method and interpretation of social change. Discussion of his technique may await another occasion. But in the matter of social interpretation Romains has chosen to balance opposites and remain undecided, where Proust became sardonically clear. Whatever else was difficult or obscure in Proust's novel, it was simple in this respect. It presented French society, from top to bottom, as wallowing in the final stages of degeneration. Under the demoralization of war, the upper bourgeoisie succeeded in merging with an aristocracy long since stultified in a frivolity and uselessness the aspiring bourgeoisie ironically failed to recognize. This much in Proust was straightforward. Both as creative artist and as social historian he saw the ideal surviving only as remembrance of things past; and against his ideal in which he had himself lost confidence, he cynically measured everything in modern society that was decaying while it experienced the illusion of both life and progress.

### DALADIER OF THE NOVEL

Romains is a better adjusted person; he has been able to catch also what has been reputed hopeful and progressive in French life with the clarity of an observer to whom nothing is foreign and nothing profound. Not content to describe the endless variety of double dealing in business, in politics, in religion, in personal relationships, he has also paid attention to those segments of society where selfishness gives way to the communal virtues through the necessity for survival. There was the worker, barely managing to feed and clothe his family, but alarmingly impressive when his union was on strike. There was the poorly paid teacher, caught in speculations towards a better society in those days when Jaures was the radical pacifist union leader and Communism still a distorted recollection of 1871. If a debonair fatalism pervaded his history of the upper classes, as though the clever and the cruel must always get to the top, his attitude towards the humble has evoked the interim of sober, dispassionate observation. He laid bare the facts, and let them provoke the sympathy they must. His mind was exploratory, open to conviction, like a member of the Chamber receiving a delegation of voters. He saw the malfunctioning of government. He recognized that a struggle between the classes existed, even though, for all the eloquence of Jaures, he had a suspicion the dice might be loaded. But meanwhile, as Gurau found the middle way profitable in politics, Romains found in it his opportunity as a writer. With the deceptive breadth of mind of the liberal, he saw the entire picture, and he may very well have fancied (as he has portrayed Gurau fancying) that this recognition guaranteed him a position of independence and power. I do not know his actual alignment in politics, but as a novelist he has been the typical Radical Socialist (feeling, like him, superior to the limitations of a party tie, of a party discipline): the Daladier of the novel before Munich.

### SYMBOLIC TITLES

One could not be quite sure which way events would turn him; for not being quite sure himself which way events were going to turn, he had protected his future by present ambiguity. Titles of books are often symbolic. With *Men of Good Will* one knew the interpretation was predominantly sarcastic: a sorrier bunch of opportunists has seldom invaded fiction. But the portrait of Jaures, of whom Romains spoke as though disturbed by his own involuntary respect, obligates also a sentimental interpretation of the phrase. Men of good will might not conquer the earth, but at all events they existed. And what led one to try to stress this sentimental meaning was Romains' earlier obsession about *l'unanimisme*. Romains had always seemed well-intentioned; he had never been bitter or abusive. A schoolboy optimism pervaded even his most degraded episodes (like the crime of Quinette) as though the bestial were only a condiment in the necessarily mixed diet of living. *L'unanimisme* sought to dignify this optimism in the terms of a cultural unity, a dominant atmosphere of appealing beauty, exhaling from the discordant and sometimes disgusting particulars of human conduct. Leaping nimbly, after the manner of modern idealism, across the contradiction between the particular and the general, he found the whole beautiful, however unsatisfactory every one of its parts. Some critics believe this contradiction to be the typical schizophrenia of the modern mind, though the term seems odd when applied to the level-headed Romains.

However this may be, *l'unanimisme* is characteristic of contemporary liberalism. In the final chapter of *The Magic Mountain* Mann adopts a similar attitude to justify Germany's entry into the Great War, just as Romains employs it in the concluding section of *Death of a World* to celebrate the French participation in the same conflict. Good is supposed, in some mysterious and automatic way, to arise out of evil. Of course, Romains' *l'unanimisme* had its special trimmings. It was very like the "spirit of place" (in the idyllic phrase of Vernon Lee), the spirit imposed upon places, buildings, cities, by the sum total of these discordant activities. It was Europe seared and made beautiful by the tradition of Western culture; but it was, for Romains, most adequately focused in France, with Paris as its core. He sought to make *l'unanimisme* tangible in his *Problemes Europeens* (1933) by bringing forward the conception of a United States of Europe, which has been gravely discussed by the Dutch philosopher Huizinga, parodied in the League of Nations, and recently revived in certain of the foreign offices. But Romains' tolerance for other cultures than the French and his spirit of Christian forgiveness towards the Germans posited nevertheless the suzerainty of the French tradition. And its perpetuation demanded, so it turned out, no more novel machinery than war and diplomacy; its custodians, whoever they might be, were not, certainly, to be found in the working class. At this point *l'unanimisme* became vague, like the benevolent after-dinner reverie of a popular bourgeois author.

### "DEFENSE OF CULTURE"

But most of us were followers of *l'unanimisme,* as it were, in 1914, under the strenuous direction of President Wilson. It is more important to inquire how many of us are capable of *l'unanimisme* in 1939. Not those in England, certainly, who want the aims of the war more specifically defined. Bu in France M. Leon Blum remains steadf in ambiguity. Immediately after the ou break of the war, while French Communist were being raided and arrested and his own labor laws modified or repealed by decree, M. Blum was able to say in a radio address that the war was a just and necessary defense of culture against the barbarity of fascism and that all France had become united in one will against the enemy. His address might have been a lyric chapter by Romains. For *l'unanimisme* cannot be cramped within the limits of a minority group; it must catch warmth from the powers that be.

So one takes up this latest volume of Romains', if one has been following his career.

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Sunday, January 7, A. B. MAGIL, Sunnyside Progressive School, 4342 47th Street, Sunnyside, L. I., 8:00 P.M. (Directions: BMT or IRT to Flushing—Off at Bliss Street). Topic: IS THE SOVIET UNION AN AGGRESSOR?

Sunday, January 7, ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN, Flatbush Marxist Forum, 1112 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., 8:00 P.M. Topic: THE STATE OF THE NATION.

Monday, January 8, JOHN L. SPIVAK, Menorah Temple, 50th Street and 14th Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., 8:00 P.M. Ausp. Jewish People's Committee.

Wednesday, January 10, JOHN L. SPIVAK, Pythian Temple, 135 West 70th Street, N. Y. C., 8:30 P.M. Ausp. Jewish People's Committee.

Friday, January 12, JOSEPH NORTH, Progressive Forum, 430 Sixth Avenue, N. Y. C., 8:15 P.M., Topic: CAN AMERICA STAY OUT OF WAR? Adm. 20c.

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to find out what happens to *l'unanimisme* in it. One very soon discovers that, though the facts are about Verdun in 1915, the philosophizing is about the war of today, and it is invariably in the direction of fascism. In this sense it is not a historical novel, for the present is insidiously projected into the past. *L'unanimisme,* of the present, is losing its vagueness, and becoming specifically a fascist philosophy. The school teacher, Jerphanion, who has played with socialist ideas but is now a lieutenant at the front, is the exponent of the new credo. As he sits in his dugout, he imagines the war dissolving—not as the World War actually did, but as Romains suspects this one is likely to—into a temporary anarchy that provokes the emergence of leaders. He sees himself as such a one, still at the head of his regiment wandering over France until they conquer some old feudal estate, where he will transform their swords into plowshares and resurrect the ancient tradition of French culture. Under the impact of war, Jerphanion, though he likes his soldiers, has become suspicious of human nature. He has lost consciousness, as Malraux might say, that the common man has any "dignity." Men do not deserve the encomium of Rousseau; left to themselves they are capable of hopeless bestiality. But fortunately they are readily cowed and herded together by methods of propaganda. Though they are not inclined to do what is good for them when left to themselves, it is just as natural for them to do what they are told to do. By appealing to the enduring superstition in man, perhaps Jerphanion and such as he may restore those values of "civilization" which leaven the whole though they are appreciated by the few. And all that Jerphanion requires to succeed is self-reliance; for "The 'governed' make revolutions not when their governors most abuse their privileges, but when, having been guilty of abuses—not perhaps very grave abuses—they lack the courage to abide by their actions." Psychologically, fascism in all likelihood generally starts after this manner in the consciousness of the ruling class, not merely as a necessary but as an ultimately benevolent activity in behalf of those who have for the time being forgotten their limitations. It starts in such a cynical rejection of the dignity and capacity of the common man as the war has taught Jerphanion.

ROMAINS' PRAGMATISM

It may be questioned, of course, whether Jerphanion is the mouthpiece of Romains in Verdun. What justifies such an interpretation is the fact that his ideas follow logically Romains' own postscript to *Death of a World,* and that in *Verdun* it is Jerphanion alone who speculates on such themes. But Romains' method is not dialectic; he presents opposites without reconciling them; and so he could easily write another volume in which another character gives opposite opinions. It is not likely, however, that he will do so. For his direction has always been determined by events, taken as the successful politician takes them, directly in time and from the top in space. He is the sort of pragmatist who feels he must objectively agree with and adopt the attitude that dominates society at the time. Objectivity becomes at this point an opportunism not without its rewards to the true believer. And at present the course of events in France, when viewed from the superior elevation of *l'unanimisme*, appears running in Jerphanion's direction.

MILITARY EVENTS

Romains' assumption that to relive the Great War is to experience the present conflict is promoted by his clever limitation of the scope of *Verdun.* Save for a few insignificant chapters, the new book is confined to the battlefield and a single battle. There are no mutinies to report. There is no need to mention the suppression of civil liberties and the imposition of rule by decree. Thus the illusion can be set up that history repeats itself.

If one could understand fidelity to history, however, as confined to the faithful reproduction of the facts of military events, Romains' *Verdun* would be the pride of any war office. One is gracious to assume that this is the reason for Marechal Petain's praise of the novel, and not the fact that he is its hero. The book is written from the point of view of the General Staff, and has been planned with the cold logic of military strategy. If there is confusion, it is only among subordinates where it can be presented without the risk of contagion. Like a good general, Romains recognizes and regrets bloodshed, without being near enough to it to sense any depressing quantity of it or to be greatly affected by its casual encounter. Among the novels of the Great War, *Verdun* is conspicuous for its narrative clarity. When war is the theme, *l'unanimisme* loses its sentimentality and produces a novel in which military objectives are the paramount consideration.

EDWIN BERRY BURGUM.

## Munitions Dynasty

THE EAGLES GATHER, *by Taylor Caldwell. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.*

THE remarkably prolific, inter-marrying family of Bouchard, munitions-makers, whose fortunes Taylor Caldwell detailed in *Dynasty of Death,* is also the subject of this book. *The Eagles Gather* continues the story from World War I to the eve of Hitler's rise. Originally there were Bouchards and Barbours, but, as readers of the first book will recall, the latter were either absorbed by the Bouchards through marriage or shoved out of the dynasty. So far from simplifying things, this leaves some twenty characters by the name of Bouchard who seem to know practically no one outside their own family and accordingly center all their feverish intrigues, hatreds, and love affairs (including a discreet case of incest) around the hearthstone.

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As in *Dynasty of Death,* the melodrama is intensely nineteenth-century: eyes flash malevolently, faces turn corpse-like with despair, hands grip the edges of tables, and maidens burst into hysterical sobbing. And yet, for all its crudity of cliche, its reckless, fairly exuberant piling on of Evil, the book manages to achieve some effect of authenticity, particularly in the sections that deal with the financial finagling of the armaments makers and their collaboration with equally ruthless friends in banking and politics. One feels, at least, that while the international plotting wasn't as outspoken and simple as it is pictured, in terms of results it might have been. The really weird touch, making the whole book seem slightly mad, is introduced by Miss Caldwell's hero, a starry-eyed young Bouchard who understands his family's machinations well enough to write a book exposing them, but believes that "the peoples of all nations have no consciences" and the solution is "a new capitalism" that will "punish greed with the highest penalty."

BARBARA GILES.

## Armenian Stories

THREE WORLDS, HAIRENIK 1934-1939. *Hairenik Press. $2.50.*

WILLIAM SAROYAN has provided an excellent introduction to this anthology of Armenian literature, collected from copies of the *Hairenik Weekly,* an Armenian newspaper, published in English. These stories by young American-Armenian writers or translations from the native tongue give you the feel of the native country, its earth and color, the sufferings and the hopes and dreams of the Armenian people ("The Storks" by Avetis Aharonian, "Bibi-Sharabani" by Raffi, "The Last Spring of Sa'adi" by Avedik Isahakian, "The Tormented Hunted" by Rouben Zartarian, "On My Journey" by Ellene Buzant); their struggles against the Turkish oppressors ("My Grandfather's God" by Vahan Kalyou); Armenians in a new world, and their contribution to the cultural life of America.

There are also stories of Soviet Armenia, the finest of which is "The Angel" by Stephen Zorian, which portrays with subtle overtones the gradual and innocent dissatisfaction of a young boy with the traditional religion at the death of his sister. But there are several unfortunate pieces in a collection whose aims seem to be sympathetic understanding and general good will, especially the anti-Soviet story, "The Priest of the Village of Bakontz" by Constant Zarian. "On the Brink of Life" by Berjouki Barseghian is a naturalistic preachment of somber acceptance which becomes a tract of despair rather than of hope. Saroyan's own story, "The Russian Writer," puffs out into narrow confusion.

The other stories are mainly early attempts at writing by young Armenians of the second and third generation in America. These are generally at the same level of immaturity; but, in spite of awkwardness and lack of discipline, there is an honesty which gives moments of strength and understanding and beauty to many of them. Although this first attempt at introducing to American literature a new cultural strand is often hasty and rough in pattern, the contribution should be welcomed and fostered.

ALFRED J. BRENNER.

## Fourth Year

SCIENCE AND SOCIETY: A MARXIAN QUARTERLY. *Winter, 1940. Vol. 4, No. 1. 35 cents.*

IT IS a pleasure to extend birthday greetings to *Science and Society* as it enters its fourth year. The magazine has survived the gloomy prophets who predicted that a scholarly Marxian journal would have to go under after the first year. It has reached a supposedly non-existent audience, and it has made steady progress in fulfilling its central aim: "to demonstrate the interdependence of science and society and to stimulate and foster Marxian research in the United States."

The current issue includes four major articles. V. J. McGill's "Notes on Philosophy in Nazi Germany" is a valuable study of the schools and movements which have attempted to provide a "theoretical" prop for fascism. While most of the generalizations are by now familiar to informed readers, the details are not; and Professor McGill has done us a real service by investigating the specific works of leading Nazi ideologues. The article successfully relates fascist theory to fascist economic practice. It concludes with a forceful contrast between the irrationalist trends of a moribund capitalism and the scientific emphasis of Soviet socialism. The antithetical philosophies of fascism and socialism reflect their antithetical social systems. This article is a powerful answer to those who talk irresponsibly about an alleged resemblance between the Nazi and Soviet states.

Samuel Bernstein's "Jules Guesde, Pioneer of Marxism in France," is an excellent piece of historical research which explores the significance of a thinker who deserves to be more widely known. Guesde's relation to French society after the Commune as well as his connection with Marx and Engels is examined. Anna Rochester's "On the Nature of Rent" is a contribution to a subject which is unfortunately too little understood. Readers of the article will look forward to Miss Rochester's new book, on the agrarian problem in the United States. J. D. Bernal's "Science Teaching in General Education" will be of particular interest to educators.

The issue also contains communications by Joseph Kresh on "The Mystic Strain in Toller's Work" and J. L. B. Cooper on "Dialectics, Language and Change." There are reviews by Maurice Dobb, Addison T. Cutler, John Stuart, Osmond K. Fraenkel, Corliss Lamont, Howard Selsam, and others. This anniversary number is one of the best which the editors have so far provided.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

# Changing the Reel

## Hollywood, 1940, begins to look like a training camp for the big anti-Soviet war . . . The movie year in review.

THE long campaign of Hollywood's progressive film workers to bring reality to the screen was realized in 1939 with a handful of films. None of these was free of contradictions and front office interference with the story and direction but honest motivations and eloquent handling marked *Juarez, Confessions of a Nazi Spy, Boy Slaves, Young Mr. Lincoln. Back Door to Heaven* and *One-third of a Nation* were laudable ideas poorly executed. *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* does not, in my opinion, belong with the above pictures because its hero's struggle is hazy, comforting only to those who are eager to read symbolical meanings into matters of mere evasion. While Mr. Smith was filibustering bravely for his Boy Ranger camp, millions of Americans were being forced back into the caves by real congressmen. *Juarez* was specific in its attack on racism and its democratic philosophy, good enough to bring the praise of a high MGM official, who said one frame of the Warner film was worth more than the four hours of *Gone With the Wind.*

Two hangovers of the progressive period in Hollywood, *The Grapes of Wrath* and *Of Mice and Men,* both from John Steinbeck's books, are yet to be released but no one in possession of his senses would prepay their chances of arriving whole. There's many a slip between the cut and the fit.

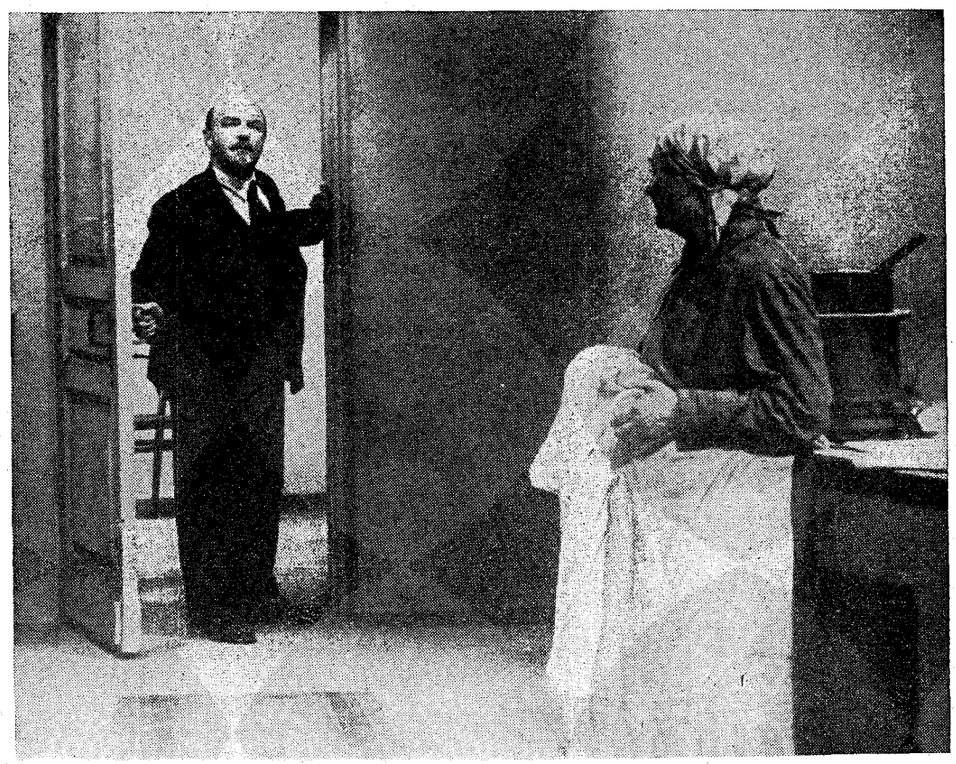
The new fashion in screen entertainment started with *Ninotchka* after a sorry beginning in *Our Leading Citizen.* The former has been found amusing by some of my friends, who are laboring under the quaint idea that Hollywood is like an idiot child, quite harmless but mad. This is rather like laughing at your own funeral. It took little cerebration to see through the imbecile attack on the labor movement in *Our Leading Citizen,* but certain quarters still don't realize that lies about the Soviet Union are lies about every man who stands up with his brothers in a union hall. If the capitalist screen can succeed in the rather difficult task of severing the idea and example of socialism from the aspirations of the workers, they will have comported themselves with conspicuous capitalist valor. But it's too tough, as more and more people see through the racket.

*Ninotchka* brings up the matter of humor, and is everything funny that's funny. Comedy, I am sorry to report, is subject to the same uses as tragedy and other forms. There is a comfortable belief that the Really Big Man is the Man Who Can Laugh at Himself. This should be amended to read, the man who can stand to hear his enemies laugh at him. Heywood Broun went to *Pins and Needles* and reported that he was good and sore because the $3.30 seats were getting so much fun out of the self-kidding of the workers. I'll stick with Heywood on this matter. The ILGWU may be standing around poking fun at itself in a concentration camp, and the guards will just love them for it.

To hell with laughter when it covers the lies of fascism, when the fat union-busters from Westchester roll in the aisles of the Music Hall laughing at the Soviet Union. Laughter suffers with all the arts in these autumn days of capitalist culture. It has become nothing but a comfort, the irony of Swift reduced to a Paramount film about a prince and princess, and Lenin's epic laughter fitted into a gag insert in *Ninotchka.* The people who make these pictures are not laughing; they're scared stiff; you can read it in the desperate new ways of lying now attempted. It will take a busy bureau of the American socialist state to put humor back on its feet.

A lumbering epilogue to *Ninotchka* has appeared recently at the Music Hall under the title of *Balalaika,* in which Nelson Eddy sings all your troubles away, in between caricatures of revolutionists.

Although Hollywood's guiding genii vow they won't make any pictures with European backgrounds for the duration of what is known as the current hostilities, a number of studios have had some suspicious matters in production. *The Fighting Sixty-ninth* is a Warner Bros. project now in the works and if the Fighting Sixty-ninth is depicted solely at Plattsburg, this word painter will eat the Posthumous Papers of Herbert Hoover. Then we have the small matter of French and British propaganda films which will appear in an offhand way from time to time. Daladier is a better footpad than he is an organizer so there is little to be feared from that great democracy, but the Britons are muddling through on schedule. The first such paean to something or other is entitled *The Lion Has Wings,* produced by Alexander Korda in partnership with his majesty. Little did the humble Balkan progenitors of Mr. Korda dream that their get would one day be in business with the boss man of the real big empire on which the sun never squats, but little Alec has done it. How that man keeps books! He told the studio help in the dressing room to get out there and really die for Alma Mater at piffling salaries. The empire, you know, England expects every man. The picture, through the odd coincidence of having the



THE LATE BORIS V. SHCHUKIN *in the title role of "Lenin in October," second film of the biographical cycle from Mosfilm, USSR.*

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king behind it, is doing quite well in Blighty; Mr. Korda is pocketing the entire take, and the hands are muttering about patriotism versus paying the rent.

The same technique is being studied up in Hollywood. The first world war brought Hollywood up from a prairie dog pasture to the stupefying financial eminence it now occupies. Pre-war Europe had developed film production to a high point. Bang went the archduke and boom went Hollywood, as the European industry shut down. When the last illusion glimmered on the mirrors of Versailles, Hollywood was ready to take over the job of manufacturing illusions for the next generation. It was a nice business, despite its burdensome affliction with art. One day I'll write a sparkling essay on the business that was ruined by art, to sort of pay off the familiar beef that the bourgeoisie has destroyed the integrity of the artist.

The myths behind the big anti-Soviet war have been inherent in the American film for the last two decades—you don't have to look for a shot showing a brave, clean, honest, debt-paying Finnish Boy Scout bringing down a Russian plane with his slingshot for proof of this. Look at the dreary school of Empirialist pictures in which the Hollow Square is dastardly attacked by the "Fuzzy-Wuzzies," or Leslie Howard is writhing in the Black Hole of Calcutta, or the Khyber Garrison is treacherously set upon between beakers at the colonel's tea. Or take the recurrent plot of 1920-22, the despicable Bolshevik labor organizer misleading honest workmen only to be righteously undone by his dupes in the last reel. The stuff is there and it's mellow.

This war is going to be fought on the same old malarky in new type dress. People like my father, who worked seven ten-hour days a week casting locomotive stacks for the AEF, and spent his idle hours on a farm to win the war with wheat, are going to be entertained with the customary flattery that the enemy is on the outs with God and Western Civilization. Whose God and whose God-damned civilization this refers to will not be pursued in detail, because it might draw a crowd to the front office.

Hollywood is shining its epaulettes for the campaign. *Gone With the Wind* is the first shot on Fort Sumter. The quality has come boldly out of the woodwork to signal the new era at the resplendent premieres of the film, from Atlanta to the sea. Of course, what they are swooning and weeping with rapture over is an ordinary bit of bilge, that will find a place in film history somewhere short of *A Yank at Oxford* and a Three Stooges comedy whose name I cannot remember. Miss Margaret Mitchell's plot, sah, has not been equaled since *Bertha, the Beautiful Sewing Machine Girl,* and the technicolor is the best since Maxfield Parrish lost his last breakfast food account.

The thing winds out for four hours and millions of dollars, and if your spine doesn't curl, your lip will. For here is the lowest of American traditions, the one a host of


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ploughboys and drygoods clerks fought to death at Chickamauga and Lookout Mountain in the middle of the last century in the great liberating war that excited Marx and the Workmen's Circles in Europe, as the wintry campaigns in Finland today rouse the hearts of revolutionists around the planet. The New York Zouaves and the Michigan volunteers thought after Antietam that the thing was done, but ghosts live long in history. The first ghost was named Booth and the second Grant. I don't think Mitchell has a chance in this company.

The year was good and then bad, and 1940 starts wrong on the screen. I enjoyed only a few movies last year and practically all of them from the Soviet Union. We are just a few months away from the Lenin biographical cycle, which I praised the wrong way. They mean more to me now, much more than *Alexander Nevsky's* formalism. Lincoln is dead and the worms like Margaret Mitchell and David O. Selznick are eating the last, but Lenin marches with Joe Stalin, the agitator from Tiflis; the underground heaves in secret Germany; I have looked into the faces of pickets in Detroit; and the Chinese Soviets are stripping rails behind the Japanese lines. Mr. Chamberlain and the Pope and Franklin D. Roosevelt are trying to make a three-way connection, and the movie camera will be there after the fact.

Now is a good time to go to a meeting instead of a movie. JAMES DUGAN.

## Broadway Week

"Kindred" by Paul Vincent Carroll. Other plays.

IN *Shadow and Substance* and *The White Steed* Paul Vincent Carroll displayed a fair ability to transfer strictly philosophical ideas to the dramatic stage. In his new play, *Kindred,* he has again chosen to dramatize ideas, and he has achieved a stupendous failure.

The idea he offers for presentation is the conflict, as he sees it, between the artist and the politician. The premise is, as stated more or less baldly in the prologue, a strict begging of the question, for it is Mr. Carroll's explicit contention that the world is being ruined by politicians and could be saved if it were ruled by artists. From so completely false a premise no drama of much validity could have emerged, but the dramatist has further stacked the cards against himself by loading the play with pat and sophomoric symbolism, ghostly visitations that are completely laughable, and long and tedious excursions into the more abstruse (if less cogent) realms of philosophy.

Dermot O'Regan is the artist of his prologue. Mr. Carroll takes an almost mid-Victorian attitude toward the artist of any period. He is portrayed as quite unbalanced, rude, insane, hopelessly maladjusted to life. A sounder understanding of the creative impulse in human beings has taught us that the artist, to achieve any stature whatsoever, must first be a man—and a man not isolated from his fellowmen by "peculiarity," idiosyncratic impulses, anti-social attitudes. O'Regan is counseled by his ghostly ancestors (who look like a pair of Presbyterian clergymen) to ensure the continuance of his heritage by planting his seed—"the woman does not matter." He plants his seed in a complaisant servant girl, rejecting (for unmotivated reasons) his *soi-disant* true love, Mary Griffin.

The play proper deals with the conflict in the succeeding generation, the bastard son of the artist, the legitimate son of the true love by her grocer husband. Phony symbolism and jejune ideation here reach their epitome in the appearance of the half-mad musician Dermot O'Regan II, and the schoolmaster Michael Fenet, son of Mary Griffin. Michael, it appears, is being trained to become a politician. But he has impulses toward the creative life—he is the spiritual son of the first Dermot, his mother having "closed her eyes" on her marriage bed and thought of the suicide-painter. The second Dermot tries to resolve his conflict for him, but again, for unmotivated reasons and despite the promptings of the two Presbyterian clergymen, fails. Michael becomes a politician; the musician goes to the clink for assault and battery. Mary is left dreaming of her lost love.

Mr. Carroll deserves this much consideration in NEW MASSES because he is a dramatist of serious pretentions and patent accomplishment. He is a rebel against the present order of society that stifles the creative impulses which reside in all men of good will; that exalts the filthy chicanery of the politician. But here he has his signals mixed. Again, he can create vital characters; he has a genuine humorous impulse as well as a pathetic one, and when he is not being consciously "profound," he can write the language with a fine ear for its more poetic nuances. He will give us better plays—or we can hope so.

This hopelessly confused and halting spectacle is beautifully set (and badly directed) by Robert Edmond Jones, and if you are interested in seeing what a fine artist can do with impossible material, you will want to see the sensitive, the truly passionate performance of Arthur Shields as the mad musician, Dermot O'Regan; the earthy humor of Wauna Paul as the complaisant maidservant; the humane comedy of Barry Fitzgerald as the grocer husband of Mary, sensitively performed by Aline MacMahon. Aside from these individual triumphs there is no other reason why you should visit the Maxine Elliott.

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tribe, has an opportunity to behave like the late great Mrs. Fiske. She brings to our callow ears memories of the Great Tradition of the stage; she has the craftsmanship, the elan, and the charm of the oldtimers. It is good to see her face.

Less can be said for her vehicle, written by Lesley Storm. It is so inconsequential, both as comedy and as entertainment, that it is almost incredible. It says infinitely less than any other British playwright who is concerned with the manners of the British upper classes has ever said; in fact it says exactly nothing, and when it is not completely silly, it is completely boring. Aside from Miss George, there is a neat comedy performance by Leo Bulgakov as an (incredible) agitator; another by Jules Epailly as a credible *bistrot* proprietor in Dieppe. And there is nothing more.

SKIN SHOW

For 50, 75, or 100 pennies (top) you can see an indeterminate yardage of human epidermis (female) at Shubert's Broadway Theater, under the collective title of *Folies Bergere*. The exhibition has been brought, intact, from the San Francisco World's Fair, and if the majority of the undressed ladies were not of European origin, it might be possible to say the show had come from the Golden West where men are men and women are—well, they certainly are, anyhow.

If you tire of the well upholstered females (and you will), there are any number of highpowered burlesque-vaudeville-revue turns, including an astonishing contortionist, two gents and a lady on bicycles (remarkable), a female who is unpleasantly like a snake, an amusing apache dance which reverses the usual male supremacy (a treat), a lady acrobat such as Huysmans' Des Esseintes would have adored, a most remarkable imitation of Hitler by Steve Geray (worth the price of admission), a troupe of cleverly trained dogs who display the night club preoccupation with the gluteal regions, can-can dancers (human)—all undressed in bright if somewhat tasteless costumes. The show is fast and furious; gaudy but not neat.

ALVAH BESSIE.

## Priestley Comedy

### "When We Are Married" opens at the Lyceum Theater.

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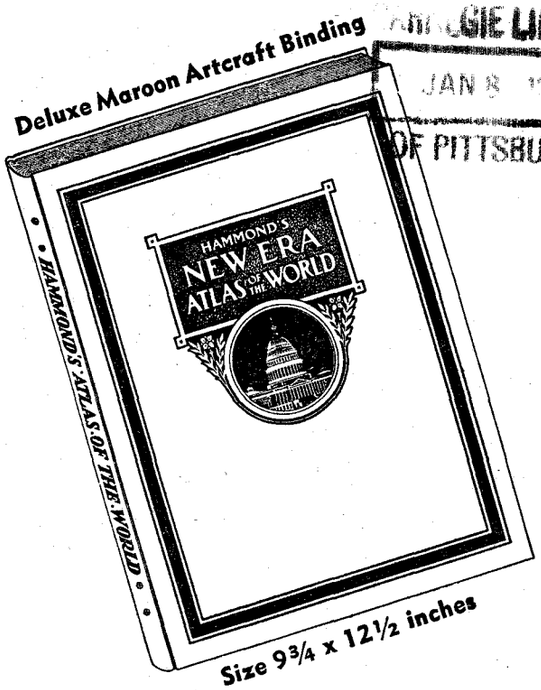


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